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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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"I'LL STAND IT NO LONGER."

SPAIN—"I desire you to stop shooting those men and pulling down my friend's flag."

SPANISH VOLUNTEERS—"Ha, ha! We shall do as we please, and you can't help yourself. You've got enough to do to look after your own affairs at home. You can apologize for us if you like."

UNCLE SAM—"Now, Mr. Spain, I have been inclined to be very friendly to you, but, by the eternal thunder, if you can't take care of those fellows, I will. You pretend that there has been no war in Cuba, and you have been fighting there these five years; and this last act of yours is not only an insult to my flag, but a brutal, cold-blooded, diabolical murder—an outrage on humanity; and nothing will now satisfy me but that Cuba shall be free."



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 PRINCE STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

#### GENERAL GRANT AND CUBA.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is an independent journal, devoted to no particular political party, and having for the object of its teachings the good of the country. In its conceptions of what is the goal of the country it can hardly have erred because it has never been moved by prejudice or enmity. It has criticised the Presidential policy of Grant, without motives of disappointment, because the only motive the editor of this journal can have is to make a good illustrated newspaper.

We believe that in affairs of war, General Grant's judgment is not to be doubted. He easily forms a sensible opinion, and then fights for it. In war, he never thinks sideways. And, in war, he is never influenced by a fear of men who may be more learned in books than he. He sees an object clearly, and takes it.

The Spanish outrage on the *Virginius* presents two questions; one of red-tape and one of war. Secretary Fish is limping along upon the sorry old crutch of diplomacy. General Grant sees very clearly that the Spanish Volunteers in Cuba have done a wrong to America, demanding punishment. Before this paper is printed he will probably have left Fish to wind red tape, and have decided that the United States will defend its flag. When a man of spirit is struck in the nose, he does not sit down on a curbstone to read the statutes about assault and battery. General Grant is a soldier of spirit and a man of square sense. He evidently means business with Cuba, and we purpose that this ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will stand by him. We believe that he will compel the Spaniards to surrender the Captain of the *Tornado* and the Governor of Santiago to justice. This is his only diplomacy with Spain.

#### CONSERVATIVE IDEAS OF CUBA.

THE editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial* surprised many excitable people when he did not get furiously angry about the *Virginius* case. Now comes President Woolsey, of Yale College, who is an authority in International Law, and he tells us, soberly:

There is not the slightest ground for war. Assuming that has been printed in the newspapers was in the main true, the Spanish authorities have done what they had, according to the law of nations, a perfect right to do in capturing the *Virginius*. If the capture was made in accordance with Spanish laws, if the men were tried and executed in accordance with Spanish laws, and if the *Virginius*, though sailing under the United States flag, was nevertheless endeavoring to render aid to the insurgents—was, in short, engaged in traffic prohibited by the law of nations—then the United States Government cannot make the transaction any ground for war, or, in fact, of complaint.

Congress must declare a war with another nation. Belligerency could be acknowledged at any time, and will not help this case in any way. If the *Virginius*, sailing under the United States flag, was engaged in a lawful undertaking, Congress can then take such steps as it sees fit. The *Virginius* was clearly on a filibustering expedition, and as such appears to be the case, nothing has been contrary to the law of nations, at least so far as the United States are concerned.

If the Spanish laws permit the killing of so many persons, there was an inhumanity about such laws such as to call for the remonstrance not only of the United States, but of every civilized nation. Our Government can protest with Spain in the cause of humanity against such proceedings, and could if the *Virginius* had sailed under any other flag. If Spain admits its weakness and inability to control its colony, then there would be time to take such a contingency into consultation. So far as that single transaction is concerned, the United States has not the slightest ground for war or complaint, except as to the inhumanity of the affair.

#### THE LAW IN THE "VIRGINIUS" CASE.

EVERY one feels that the seizure of the *Virginius* was an outrage; but few, perhaps, realize the nature of the outrage, the considerations that make it so, or the consequences it entails. These will be found, if candidly examined, to be of the utmost importance, not only to our Government, but to our citizens generally. The *Virginius*, if we accept the best information now at hand, was sailing under the American flag; she had papers regularly made out by the American authorities, and indorsed by the American Consul at the last port from which she sailed; she was on the high seas; she was not suspected of being a pirate; and it was a time of peace, since Spain will not, and the United States do not, regard the Cubans as belligerents. Under these circumstances, according to all precedent and all agreement, the *Virginius* was a part of the territory of the United States, and as such her decks were as inviolable as the streets of Washington or the parlors of the White House. The right to visit, say the best authorities on international law, is only a war right. Its only excuse for existence is that a government at war needs to exercise it to discover and prevent the giving of aid to its enemies. Americans have always stoutly held this doctrine. It is their interest to do so. Every merchant who ships goods on the high seas, after complying with the requirements of his own Government, has a right to have them unmolested till they reach their destination. It is the duty of the Government to see that they are so. The only way in which the Government can do that is by punishing those who violate our flag.

According to present accounts, the seizure of the *Virginius* was unlawful; the disposition of her passengers and crew was equally so, and was in itself a worse act, because irreparable, and violating a rule of international law far more important. Had the Spaniards only seized the ship, destroyed the cargo, and made prisoners of those on board, she could have been compelled to restore the ship, pay for the cargo, and surrender and indemnify the captives. But she can make no atonement to those whose lives she has taken. Like Tarquin, "she is a thief far poorer than before." The rule she has broken is made of commanding importance by this fact, that the injuries it prohibits cannot be repaired. It is the rule that no Government can try or punish its own subjects or the subjects of others, when it has not obtained possession of them by lawful means. In the intercourse of nations, this is as nearly uniform and universal as any rule can be. The illegality in the capture taints all subsequent proceedings, and bars any plea of previous offenses. By this rule, the killing of the Cubans shot at Santiago de Cuba was as great a wrong as the killing of the Americans, and the killing of the Americans was still an offense, though they may have been conspiring against Spain, and though they may have violated the laws of their own country. Every one can see why this should be so. What would be the use of forbidding illegal capture, if captives illegally taken can be shot off-hand? No nation undertakes to defend wrongdoers because they are its own citizens; but every nation is bound to resist a practice which puts the innocent in danger as great as the guilty.

What atonement can the Government of the United States demand, should the facts prove to be what they are reported to be? There is no limit to the atonement it may demand except the limit of its powers under its own Constitution. The act is a *casus belli*. It justifies, as soon as it is established, a declaration of war, and the United States may demand in advance all that could be obtained by war. But war, if successful, could obtain almost anything. It could result in the payment of an indemnity, in the independence of the island, in the assumption of a protectorate, in the annexation of the island, in its seizure for the punishment of the authorities engaged in the massacre, or even in the absolute expulsion of the Spaniards, both officials and adherents. We shall not now discuss how much or which of these demands it would be sensible to make. It is obvious enough that Spain cannot pay an indemnity. The only practical alternatives relate to the island itself. What these may or should be, it will be for Congress to determine.

#### GRANT'S GOLDEN AGE.

WE sometimes wonder, in these latter days of gloom, what are the thoughts of those Democrats who voted for Grant last year, upon the ground that Mr. Greeley's election would bring disaster upon the country. These exceedingly wise people saw in Greeley the architect of financial and commercial ruin, while they professed to find in Grant's Presidency alone the guarantee of public confidence and permanent prosperity. It was natural enough that Republican orators and office-holders should prophesy another golden age, but it was hardly to be expected that men not owning any stock in the Administration should have been so easily duped by these tales. The delusion is too soon discovered. The manufacturing interests of the Eastern and Middle States, particularly, were assured that their only safety was in the re-election of Grant, but now hundreds of thousands of workingmen stand idle on the verge of Win-

ter, with nothing before them but starvation and crime.

Evidently the political millennium begins badly. It is now just twelve months since Grant was re-elected, and there is no year in American history that has been so crowded with shame, disgrace and misfortune. Those who deny the cause must admit the fact. The first year of the golden age stands alone, for though we have passed through more than one terrible ordeal, the Government itself now, for the first time, scatters ruin throughout the country, and betrays the honor of the nation. There could not be desired by those who hate this Republic, in Europe or at home, a worse beginning for the second term of Grant. Already it has seen American prosperity destroyed and national pride humbled, while in compensation for these evils it has given nothing but a haughtier personal rule and a stronger centralized government at Washington.

The President had scarcely been re-elected before the exposure of the *Crédit Mobilier* frauds shocked the country, and if the exposure did not reach him personally, it compromised his political friends and stained his Administration. He shared the odium by protecting the criminals, and his letter of confidence to Mr. Colfax stands as evidence of his insensibility to the disgrace which Congress had brought upon the country. Then followed the back-pay infamy, in which Congress bribed the President to permit the robbery of the Treasury by doubling his own salary—a bribe which he took without reluctance, although it was only possible for him to take it by a violation of the spirit of the Constitution, if not, indeed, by an evasion of its letter. Few Presidents but Grant would have allowed millions of the public money to be taken as back-pay by a Congress already paid in full. No other President would have at the same time accepted from such a Congress fifty thousand dollars a year. The entire proceeding discredited the country in the eyes of the world, and the Administration was responsible. Here was one event, at least, which would not have been possible had Horace Greeley been elected; his sense of personal honor would have caused him to veto the entire Appropriation Bill, rather than to have shared the plunder of the Treasury, and accepted the position in which Grant now stands.

The personal rule which was to secure a reign of prosperity had other results equally inconsistent with its promises. The policy of the President is to reward his adherents; and, about two years ago, the Barings, who had been for eighty years the trusted agents of the Government abroad for the disbursement of the public money, were displaced, and the firms of Jay Cooke & Co. and Clews & Co. appointed. There was no just occasion for this change; by the failure of these houses the Government has not only lost money, but credit. The appointment of Shepherd as the Governor of the District of Columbia, in the face of charges which demanded a full investigation, showed utter indifference to public opinion; and a still more glaring instance of favoritism is the retention of Secretary Richardson as Secretary of the Treasury, after he has given so many revelations of absolute incapacity to discharge the duties of the office. The unfitness of Mr. Richardson is recorded in the vacillating course of the Government since the beginning of the panic, and his arrogant overruling of decisions of the United States Courts in his administration of the Custom Houses will cause an effort, at least, to secure his impeachment this Winter for high misdemeanor in office.

These are some of the principal events of Grant's second term, which have lowered the dignity of the Government abroad and at home, and, by shaking the confidence of the people, have contributed to produce the present financial situation. More than this, the distrust which business men and capitalists naturally feel is aggravated by their want of faith in the Administration. To have Mr. Richardson at the head of the Treasury Department is alone sufficient to cause a panic; and the President has given no evidence of his ability to suggest any practical remedy. His last set of opinions on the situation disseminated by the Associated Press contained such contradictory propositions, that they were laughed at by the business community, and could not even be defended by his friends. Every financial faction claims him as its ally, and he permitted Judge Kelley to imagine his ideas of expansion had the Presidential approval, until the anger of the advocates of re-sumption obliged him to accuse the Judge of misrepresenting his position. In short, the country has discovered the profound ignorance of Grant upon financial and commercial questions, and expects no aid from him in the hour of its distress. It is more than probable that even now he does not know what measures he will recommend in his next message to Congress; and there is no man in his Cabinet who has the ability to dictate a prudent and consistent course.

The Administration helped the country into this depressed and dangerous condition, but cannot help it out of it. The vast interests of the United States must extricate themselves, and will be fortunate if blundering at Washington does not force them deeper into trouble. This state of our national affairs is not a pleasant one to describe, but it is impossible to overlook it. We desire to point out

that not a single promise made by the Administration last year, or made for it, has been kept. Even the public debt has not been reduced, and extra appropriations for all the departments will be required this Winter. Millions have been taken by might, not right, from the people's purse, and the President has received his share. The honor of the nation has been tarnished by those who were trusted to protect it. Even that material prosperity which was pledged to the people in exchange for the independence and liberty they once so jealously guarded disappears, and instead we see great houses falling in ruins, one ruin resulting in hundreds of others, mills and factories closed, and in every city thousands of workingmen standing idle, with wives and children depending upon them for support. This is what the first year of Grant's golden age has brought the country, and if we do not despair of the future it is not that we have hope in the Administration. We would not willingly do the President and his advisers an injustice, but in this crisis it is plain to all that the people must take care of themselves, and that they are likely to find in their own Government more of an enemy than a friend.

#### THE UNITED STATES AND CUBA.

IT is not the fair thing for Secretary Fish to intimate his sublime scorn for the Cuban patriots who have been trying to serve their country in New York and Washington, and to virtually advise them to go back to that unhappy island and help the insurgents in the mountains. No doubt he would be very glad if they would all stand not upon the order of their going, but go at once, and cease to annoy him with their presence. But this "Shoo fly! don't bodder me" policy of the State Department is not likely to be enforced without trouble. The majority of these gentlemen have been sent by the Cubans as ambassadors to the American people, and they are bound to fulfill their mission. No doubt they profoundly regret that they are compelled to worry the delicate feelings of Secretary Fish, but private interests must always give way to the public good. His advice to them to "get out of the house—what are you stopping here for?" as Mrs. Guppy once remarked under similar circumstances, is decidedly inconsistent with some of the opinions he has expressed about the beleaguered island. Mr. Fish has regretted that the patriots are not in possession of any seaport, and, therefore, have no safe communication with the outside world, and this sorrow does infinite credit to a man of his chilly temperament. Yet he suggests that their agents in the United States should shut themselves up in the mountains, although it is plain that if they did, the Cubans would be entirely cut off from civilization, and that we should know no more of them than the Spanish authorities at Havana might choose to communicate.

All established governments have their representatives in other countries. Poor struggling Cuba has no representative that our Government will acknowledge, and, therefore, needs these unaccredited agents the more. All the American people are her friends, and it is the Administration only that is practically her enemy. If she cannot reach the dull, cold ear of Mr. Fish, she can, at least, appeal for sympathy, if not aid, to the nation itself. In our time of trouble we adopted a similar policy, and were not content to be represented merely by our Ministers at London and Paris. Mr. Lincoln employed in unofficial capacities not only politicians, but clergymen, to visit England and explain the true condition of American affairs to the Press and people of that country. Our Government then properly tried to make public opinion in Europe, and the Cuban patriots are simply using means equally necessary and legitimate.

What has our republic done for republicanism in Cuba during these long years of massacre on one side and martyrdom on the other? Nothing. All its actions have been directly or indirectly to the benefit of the infamous despots who have outraged civilization from their headquarters at Havana. Even the case of Dr. Houdart is not an exception, for the release of this cruelly treated American citizen was begged of Spain by our Government as a favor, instead of being demanded as a right. The dreary negotiations which finally resulted in his liberation humiliated the American people. If the case of the *Virginius* has a more honorable ending, it will be due more to the moderation of Castelar than to the energy and determination of Fish. Already our Secretary of State shows his anxiety to apologize for Spain on the ground that the atrocities of her barbarous troops in Cuba are beyond her control, and to make weakness at Madrid an excuse for cowardice at Washington.

It is natural that the Cuban patriots in the United States should give the worthy Secretary cause for great uneasiness. In defiance of the Spanish gunboats and their ineffectual blockade they keep up a constant communication with their friends in Cuba, and let the world know the true story of their noble struggle for freedom. They take good care that the Government shall not entirely ignore the fact of the Cuban revolution, and that the people shall understand the truths to which the President and Mr. Fish persistently shut their eyes. Mr. Fish evidently does not like the constant supervision of his actions. All that he asks is "to be let alone," and, like many other men who need a vigorous stirring up, he is as-



tonished and provoked that the modest request should be refused.

The butchery of the *Virginibus* prisoners at Santiago de Cuba by the Spanish authorities has already had a profound effect. It has compelled other nations to see that the struggle which has for so long a time desolated Cuba is not an ordinary war, but one so barbaric and useless that it disgraces humanity. It is clear that the Cubans will never consent to be conquered, and that the Spanish Volunteers are fighting for nothing but revenge and plunder, and knowing that ultimate triumph is impossible. This nation is called upon by every principle of freedom and every obligation of civilization to interfere, so far as to enforce fair-play, and to stop these horrible massacres. It has the honor of its own flag to maintain from further insults. Belligerent rights should be granted to the Cubans at once, for they have already been withheld too long. Secretary Fish cannot be expected to advance in this direction. He is only bold in timidity, and it has indeed required a peculiar courage to have so long endured the contemptuous insults which the Spanish authorities have heaped upon the United States.

The affair is rapidly becoming our own quarrel; and even if Mr. Fish should succeed in driving the Cuban patriots out of the country, the American people will remain, who are not so easily to be dealt with. They are stopping here for some purpose, and will compel Congress to raise the flag which the President and his Cabinet have so weakly lowered.

#### AFFAIRS IN GREECE.

WHILE one's ears are filled with the din of the French Assembly, and one's eyes are blinded by the flame and smoke that commingle into a lurid pall above unhappy Spain, it is not likely that far-away Greece should attract much of the attention of the student of Transatlantic politics. But in that degenerate although once famous land of the past there is now going on a quiet revolutionary movement which may yet restore some of its faded glory, and glint the banner of the modern Greece with something of the splendor which radiated from it in the days when Athens was the intellectual queen of the world. Greece has attained its full independence, and, especially since the evacuation of the Ionian Isles, stands in a position to render that independence fruitful of national prosperity. The King has larger power, perhaps, than the average constitutional sovereign, but in his attempt to lift up his people he must act with a firmness and enterprise, and a largeness of views, commensurate with his patriotic desire. Before he dreams of establishing a wise and progressive government, it is absolutely necessary that many of the glaring evils under which Greece suffers should be done away with. And the chief one of these is the system of brigandage which still flourishes in the waste interior. So long as the farmer, bringing his scanty produce to market, is forced to remunerate the robber who stops them in a lonely ravine, so long will agriculture languish. And, if he escape the brigand, there is still another robber—the tax-gatherer—who is almost as remorseless. The whole system of rural taxation in Greece lacks common sense, and is consequently unjust. But despite these drawbacks the country has made a decided forward move on the line of educational reform; and it is in raising the standard of the popular intelligence that she must look principally for the desired improvement. Reading and writing are, after all, the machinery of power, and the phrase, "the pen is mightier than the sword," is no sophism. It was her intellectual graces that raised Greece to such a dazzling height in the past, and her return to the neighborhood of her old importance can only be accomplished by some such means. And now is her chance. The decay of the Ottoman Empire already fore-shadows the part that Greece may yet play in the drama of the East, if she is but true to herself. But there are political adventurers to be gotten rid of, and the line of demarcation between Church and State must be drawn clearly. As it now is, the Ecclesiast hampers the Statesman. When these things are done, the sails of Greece will be filled by a fair wind, and her course will be smooth, should there be no interference on the part of Russia. But such possible interference is too remote to be looked at now.

#### EDITORIAL TOPICS.

G. H. BUTLER has come from Egypt to New York in order to talk horse to George Wilkes.

The highest salary paid to any lady singer in a metropolitan church-choir is \$1,800, or \$10 an hour.

The charge made for private instruction on the piano by leading New York instructors is from five to ten dollars an hour.

SUNDAY evening concerts are very successful in New York. A splendid programme brings out a large, if not a high-toned audience.

MANTON MARBLE hardly visits the *World* office twice in a year, but attends to everything by private telegraph and special messengers.

WILKIE COLLINS's theory of over-exertion finds additional testimony in the fact that Heenan and Sayers both died of consumption.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE has reached that part of her clothes-grief for Napoleon when she has taken to wearing purple. It is unnecessary to add—and fine linen.

It costs Strakosch \$3,500 to give one operatic performance out of New York, without counting traveling expenses. This includes \$1,500 to Madame Nilsson per night.

CHARLES A. DANA began life in his uncle's counting-house at Buffalo, then went to Harvard for a year, and after that brief stay entered Brook Farm, and finally drifted to New York and into the *Tribune*.

A FAMOUS bass singer in a New York church-choir used to produce great effect on special occasions, like Christmas, by going behind the organ, so that his voice would pass between and over the pipes, and thus be greatly changed.

SOME of the newspapers are making an awful time because Hamilton Fish, Jr., has been elected to the Legislature, and ascribe the fact to hereditary genius. But then old Fish hadn't any genius to give, and young Fish hasn't received any.

S. B. CHITTENDEN & Co., drygoods merchants, have a little over a hundred clerks in their employ, of whom four receive \$5,000, and over a dozen are paid from \$2,000 to \$2,500, yet the average for the whole is \$1,150. A. T. Stewart pays his head bookkeeper \$12,000 a year.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT is, at present writing, on his way home from Europe. He will here organize his expedition to the North Pole. Meanwhile the *Herald*, besides being a champion of expeditions and charitable old clothes, boasts of the brilliancy of that historical man with the golden gab, its Paris correspondent.

WHELAN REID, in a recent speech, asked the merchants of New York to combine with the journalists of New York to form a plan for the preservation of the commerce of their city. Which shows that great journals like the *Tribune* are becoming localized—an idea borne out by the *Tribune's* brilliant fight on the Brooklyn Ring.

DELANE, the organizer of the London *Times*, began his newspaper life as a law reporter for that paper in London and on circuit. He took great care of his health by temperance in drink and diet (always avoiding the bar dinner), and by riding on horseback between the Assize towns, so that he became notable for his robustness among his associates.

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY HUGH McCULLOCH is the living image of John Gilbert, the veteran of Wallack's troupe, grown fat. His intended brief stay in this country has been lengthened by the cares and occupation resulting from the failure of Jay Cooke & Co., but he intends to return soon to London, where he is much respected in the commercial world, while his daughter Lulu is quite a society belle.

THAT usually hopeful rodent, the editor of the New York *Times*, is getting worried by that exceedingly lively corpse called "the dead democracy." The time was when that paper boasted of its influence, under the impression that its editor had only to stand in his fourth story window and call upon its constituency to put out of the world anybody it chose to name. Yet, after all, Billy Conner got about twenty thousand majority in New York!

MRS. GENERAL BENTON, the lady who was to have been the witness in the Stokes case, and whose portrait we gave, has not the word Shotwell in her name. Miss Shotwell, the lady who has a suit for bonds stolen from her, is an entirely distinct person. Mrs. Benton resides in New York, and Miss Shotwell resides in Jersey City. We make this statement because the names of the two ladies were confounded in recent remarks about the Stokes case. That case is over, without possibility of revival, and the ladies should be allowed the privacy that they deserve.

EX-MAYOR HALL of New York City, has always been a joker. In his recent lecture in the Galaxy course, he appealed to sentiment in favor of a joke, when he said to his audience that every man's wife would probably be a mother-in-law, and that the mother-in-law ought, therefore, to be respected. This is at once a logical and beautiful hit, and we agree with the witty ex-Mayor. We can conceive how a man could go to the grave of a lost mother-in-law and strew it with the most elegant flowers, and vow that if he ever became a widower he would certainly not marry again, unless he could find an orphan.

THE *Evening Star* of Washington, which is supposed to keep the conscience of Grant and Shepherd, is accused by the *Republican* of the unfairness of intentionally trying to mislead the public in regard to Cabinet affairs. Which shows what most people know, that, in the management and estimate of its newspapers, the politicians of the present Administration have shown less wisdom than any set ever known to history. One cannot point to an Administration organ that shows anything like wisdom or guidance; but poor as the Washington *Republican* itself is, it would be worse

if it were not for the unscrupulous but powerful genius of that rascal Foley. Even Satan made the fall of Adam interesting.

GENERAL McCLELLAN, though he has nothing to do with political or military matters, is one of the busiest and most usefully employed men in America. His time has hitherto been about equally divided between his duties in the Department of Public Docks and as President of the Atlantic and Great Western Rolling Stock Company, but he now holds only the latter position. He is a rapid, yet thorough, worker, dispatching business with steady, systematic speed. He comprehends anything brought to his consideration at a glance, and decides promptly, yet not hastily. In his bearing towards every one with whom he has dealings, he is uniformly courteous and considerate; and he gains the affection of every one of his subordinates, just as he won the regard of his soldiers in the war. It is not generally known that he has great strength and agility. He can double up a half-dollar in his fingers, and lift a weight of great amount with his hands. His only fault is a lack of persistency in opinion. He makes up his mind at once, and gives a decision, and then, after hearing further evidence on the subject, he gives a totally opposite judgment, instead of carefully considering all sides of the question at first, and then making up his mind once and finally.

#### THE VALUE OF GOLD AND SILVER.

PROFESSOR J. F. L. SCHIRMER, Superintendent of the Branch Mint at Denver, Col., gives the following interesting notes on the value of gold and silver in bulk:

One ton (2,000 pounds avoirdupois) of gold or silver contains 29,163 troy ounces, and, therefore, the value of a ton of pure gold is \$602,799.21, and a ton of silver \$37,704.84.

A cubic foot of pure gold weighs 1,218.75 pounds avoirdupois; a cubic foot of pure silver weighs 655.25 pounds avoirdupois.

One million dollars gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds avoirdupois; \$1,000,000 silver coin weighs 58,929.9 pounds avoirdupois.

If there is one per cent. of gold or silver in one ton of ore, it contains 291.63 ounces, troy, of either of these metals.

The average fineness of the Colorado gold is 781 in 1,000, and the natural alloy: gold 781, silver 209, copper 10; total, 1,000.

The calculations at the Mint are made on the basis that 43 ounces of standard gold, or 900 fine (coin) is worth \$400, and 11 ounces of silver 900 fine (coin) is worth \$12.80.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. and MRS. FLORENCE were at the Boston Theatre last week.

MRS. OATES and burlesque troupe were at Wood's Museum last week.

MR. SOTHERN introduces "Lord Dundreary" to the Bostonians this week.

MRS. JANAUSSCHKE appears in Louisville, Ky., November 17th, 18th and 19th.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON appeared in "Rip Van Winkle," last week, at Philadelphia.

THEODORE THOMAS gave an orchestral concert in Newark, N. J., on the 17th.

LYDIA THOMPSON opened a two weeks' engagement at Cincinnati, O., on the 16th.

SALVINI commences a week's engagement at the Boston Theatre, January 24th next.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has closed an appreciative engagement at Rochester, N. Y.

SALVINI was at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, Md., November 11th and 12th.

LAWRENCE BARRETT commenced a season of two weeks at Cincinnati, on the 10th.

"A FLASH OF LIGHTNING" was revived at the Grand Opera House, New York, November 10th.

LOTTA began a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., November 10th.

MLLE. AIMEE, at last reports, was presenting her *répertoire* of opera-bouffe at the Tacon Theatre, Havana.

E. L. DAVENPORT will make his Winter appearance in New York City, at Wood's Museum, December 22d.

JOHN McCULLOCH will appear in "Coriolanus" at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, November 24th.

MISS ANNIE CLARKE appeared in "London Assurance," at the Boston Museum, nine evenings, and had a benefit November 14th.

LITTLE NELL concluded her engagement at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, with a performance of "The Hidden Hand."

JAMES M. WARD gave two performances at the Newark (N. J.) Opera House, where his Irish delineations always attract a full house.

MISS MARIE LINDEN made her *début* in "Die Geheimnisse von New York Posse" at the German Stadt Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 7th inst.

MR. CHARLES READ's drama of "Foul Play" is being produced at the Royal Amphitheatre, London, under the personal superintendence of the author.

MR. CARL ROSA's English Opera Company have been fulfilling a successful engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, and have produced a new comic opera by Julius Eichberg.

AMERICAN actors have not unfrequently gained brilliant reputations in Europe, but none have done more honor to our stage than John S. Clarke, who has just concluded one of the most successful engagements ever played at the Haymarket Theatre, London. When Mr. Clarke went abroad a few years ago he was entirely unknown to the English public, but he acted his way into popularity at once, and now stands at the head of the English comic stage. He has, in fact, by the force of his own genius, re-established legitimate comedy in London, and in such characters as *Dr. Pangloss*, *Olopad*, *Robert Tyke* and *Bob Acres*, is admitted to be unrivaled. The *Telegraph* says his *Paul Pry* has not been equaled since the days of Liston. These foreign dramatic triumphs he shares with his country, for it is as the "American comedian" that he is everywhere known. We think there is no actor with a finer and more original humor than Clarke, and none who have shown a higher artistic purpose.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### DOMESTIC.

A GENERAL exposition of Florida palmetto-work is suggested.

THE Farmers' ticket in fifty-one counties of Illinois was successful.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., proposes to give her old Capitol to Yale College.

VERY rich quicksilver mines have just been discovered in California.

NEW HAMPSHIRE will commemorate her settlement by a monument at Rye.

A JURY was secured in the Tweed case at New York, and the trial opened.

IN Iowa four counties elected women for superintendents of public schools.

THE double eagles coined at the Philadelphia Mint in October amounted to \$11,010,000.

CALIFORNIA has received this year fully double the number of emigrants of last year.

IT is said that the late elections will result in a union of the Grangers and Labor Reformers.

THE continuation of boiler tests by the United States Commissioners was postponed until Spring.

DR. ROSENZWEIG, the alleged abortionist and murderer of Alice Bowlsby, was fully discharged from custody.

THE Sutro Tunnel, through the Rocky Mountains, has been mortgaged to an English company for \$8,000,000.

SINCE the yellow fever outbreak in Shreveport, La., there were 690 fatal cases, of which 106 were negroes.

IT was reported that seven of the nine negroes implicated in the outrage in Grant Parish, La., were killed by citizens.

CHICAGO has four large silver-smelting works in operation, and will ask Congress to establish a United States mint there.

THE first exhibition of the Maine Poultry Association will take place at Portland, January 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th next.

COLONEL J. MADISON DRAKE, of the Third Regiment, N. G. S. N. J., has tendered the President the services of his famous command for duty in Cuba.

THERE was great activity at the naval stations of Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Norfolk, New Orleans, and Key West, on account of the Spanish butchery.

THE anniversary of the Boston fire was celebrated November 10th, when the Mayor and City Council made a thorough survey of the scene of the conflagration.

A MILL has just been started at Blue Rapids, Kan., to manufacture gypsum, from extensive beds there, into land-plaster and plaster-of-paris; also water-lime from stone which is found there.

By authority of the Georgia State Grange, a mass meeting of Cotton States Fairgoers will be held in the City of Atlanta, Ga., on the 25th instant, at eight o'clock P. M., to take into consideration measures looking to the relief of the brotherhood.

EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE and four surviving members of his old Cabinet—Conrad, of Louisiana, Secretary of War; Hall, of New York, Postmaster-General; Graham, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; and Stewart, of Virginia, Secretary of the Interior—are expected to visit Washington this Winter for a friendly reunion.

SHORTLY after the appearance of yellow fever a bale of cotton was shipped from Memphis, Tenn., to a New York firm. At the request of the latter it was several times put up at auction for the benefit of the afflicted. At Memphis it brought \$1,500; at St. Louis, \$90; at Cincinnati, \$2,030.08; at New York, \$2,875—a total of \$6,495.08. It was shipped free to Liverpool, where it will be again sold.

##### FOREIGN.

PRINCE BISMARCK was reappointed to the Presidency of the Prussian Ministry.

THE San Domingo revolutionists are to make a supreme effort, under the command of General Luperon.

THE anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales was celebrated in London, November 10th.

THE German Government made a further payment of \$3,000,000 for bonds of the United States funded loan.

THE decrees of the 3d of September, authorizing the sale of embargoed property in Cuba, has been annulled.

THE total number of admissions to the Vienna Exhibition from the opening to the closing day was 7,250,000.

DON CARLOS has struck a medal in commemoration of the victory claimed by the Carlists in the recent battle at Miranda.

CARTAGENA was cannonaded throughout the entire 14th of November. The British consul is the only foreign representative in the city.

A FAMINE in Bengal seems inevitable. The Government is taking means to meet the crisis, and large supplies of food are being provided.

DECEMBER 2d is to be observed as a holiday throughout Austria, on account of its being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor's accession to the throne.

COLONEL STOFFEL was found guilty of using language disrespectful to the prosecution in the Bazaine trial, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and payment of costs.

IN reply to an address from French residents of San Francisco, ex-President Thiers said that the monarchists had suffered a check, and that a conservative republic was assured.

THE Minister of War has informed the Budget Committee of the French Assembly that he will require an extraordinary grant of 17,000,000 francs in order to carry out the provisions of the recruitment law.

THE 10th of November was observed throughout Mexico in celebration of the adoption of additional articles to the national constitution, among which are the abolition of peonage and the separation of Church and State.

THE amount received by the Government of Italy from the sale of ecclesiastical property from September 30th, 1867, to September 30th, 1873, is \$64,954,000 (28,168,000 francs). The property has been sold in 88,830 lots, or parcels.

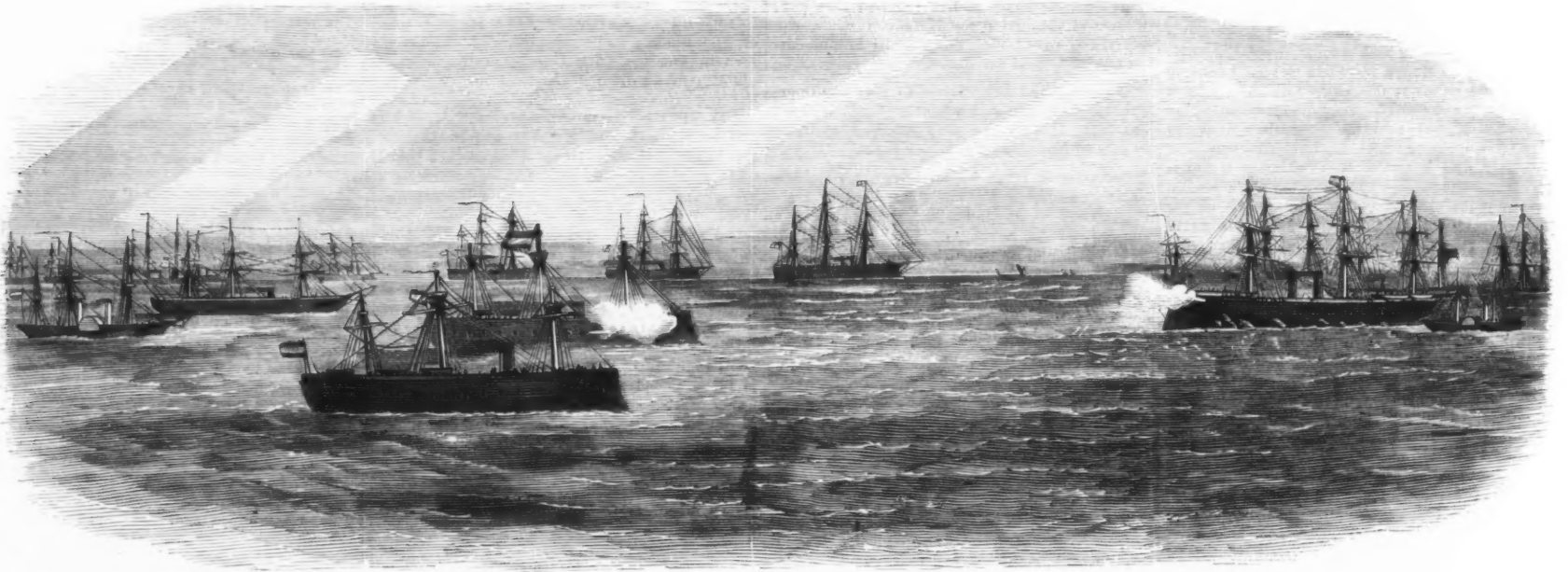
AT a meeting of the National Laborers' Union at Leamington, England, recently, it was stated that the General Agent of New Zealand would give free passes to all laborers who wanted to emigrate to that colony, and that there was room for 20,000 families.

THE situation at Versailles is again becoming complicated. The compromise between the Right and Left threatens to fall through. The Government and the Right have decided to insist on the unconditional proclamation of President McMahon's term for ten years.

THE Carlists continue to claim a great victory at Miranda; they report that Moriones was driven from the vicinity of Estella to Los Arcos. On the other hand, General Moriones, in his official report of the battle to the Spanish Government, states that he passed two nights on the ground previously held by the enemy.



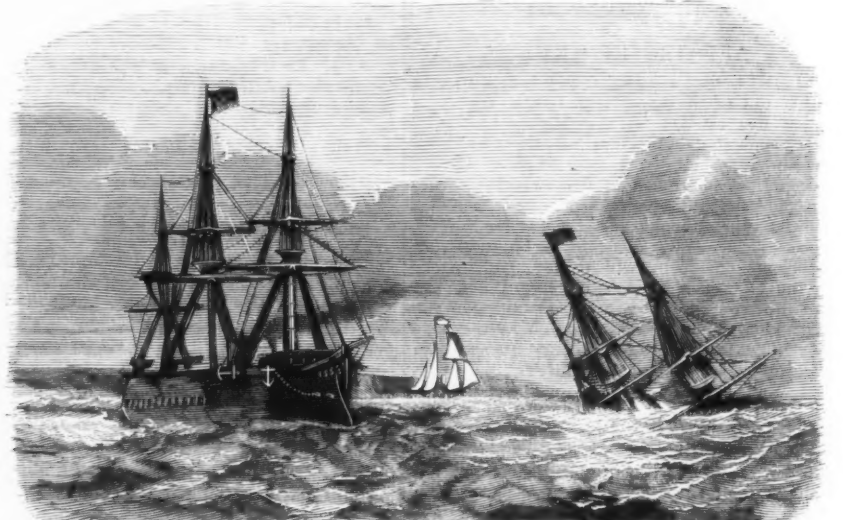
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 199.



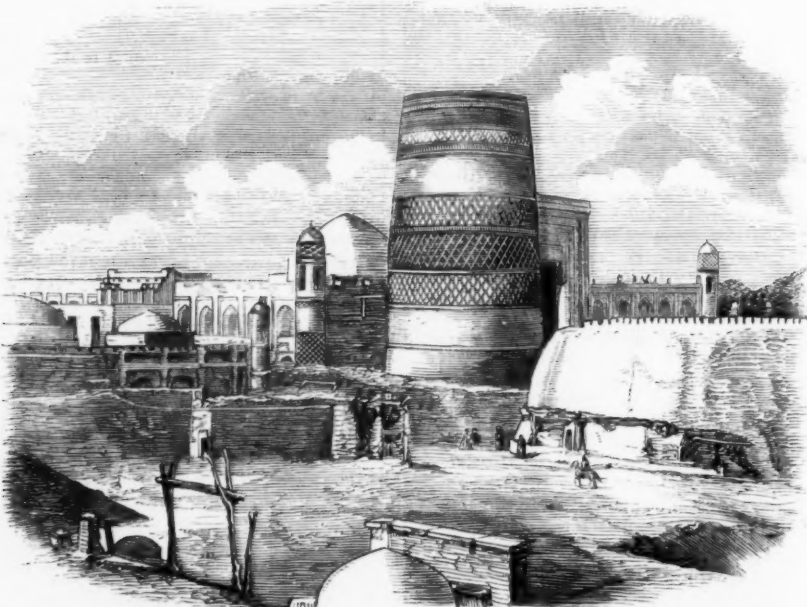
CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE NAVAL BATTLE IN ESCOMBRERA BAY, OFF CARTAGENA.



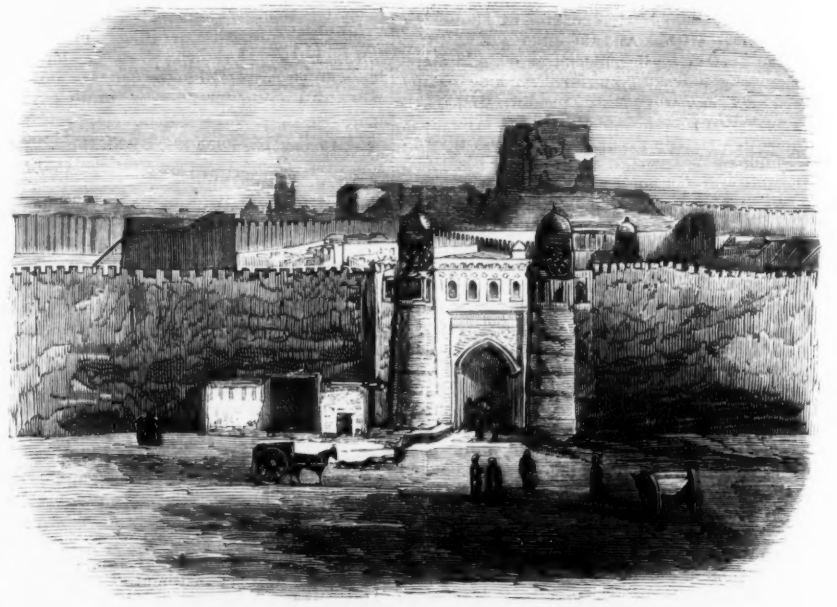
CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—SOLDIERS LEAVING MADRID FOR THE NORTH.



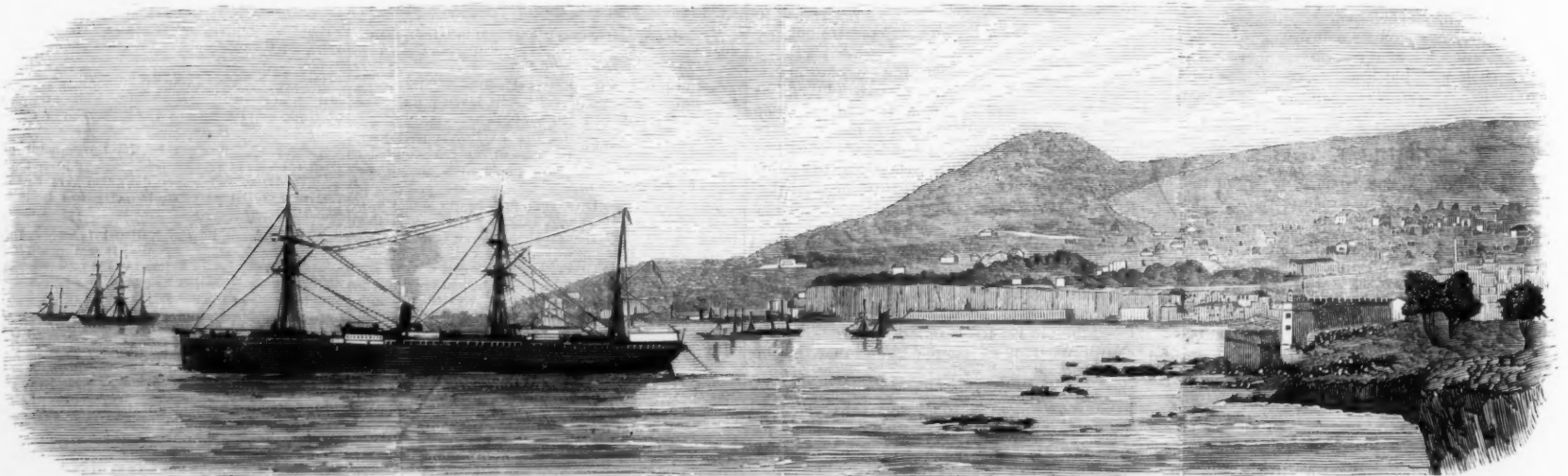
CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE INSURGENT FRIGATE "NUMANCIA" SINKING THE "FERNANDO EL CATOLICO."



KHIVA.—THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION.—THE TEMPLE OF THE PALACE.

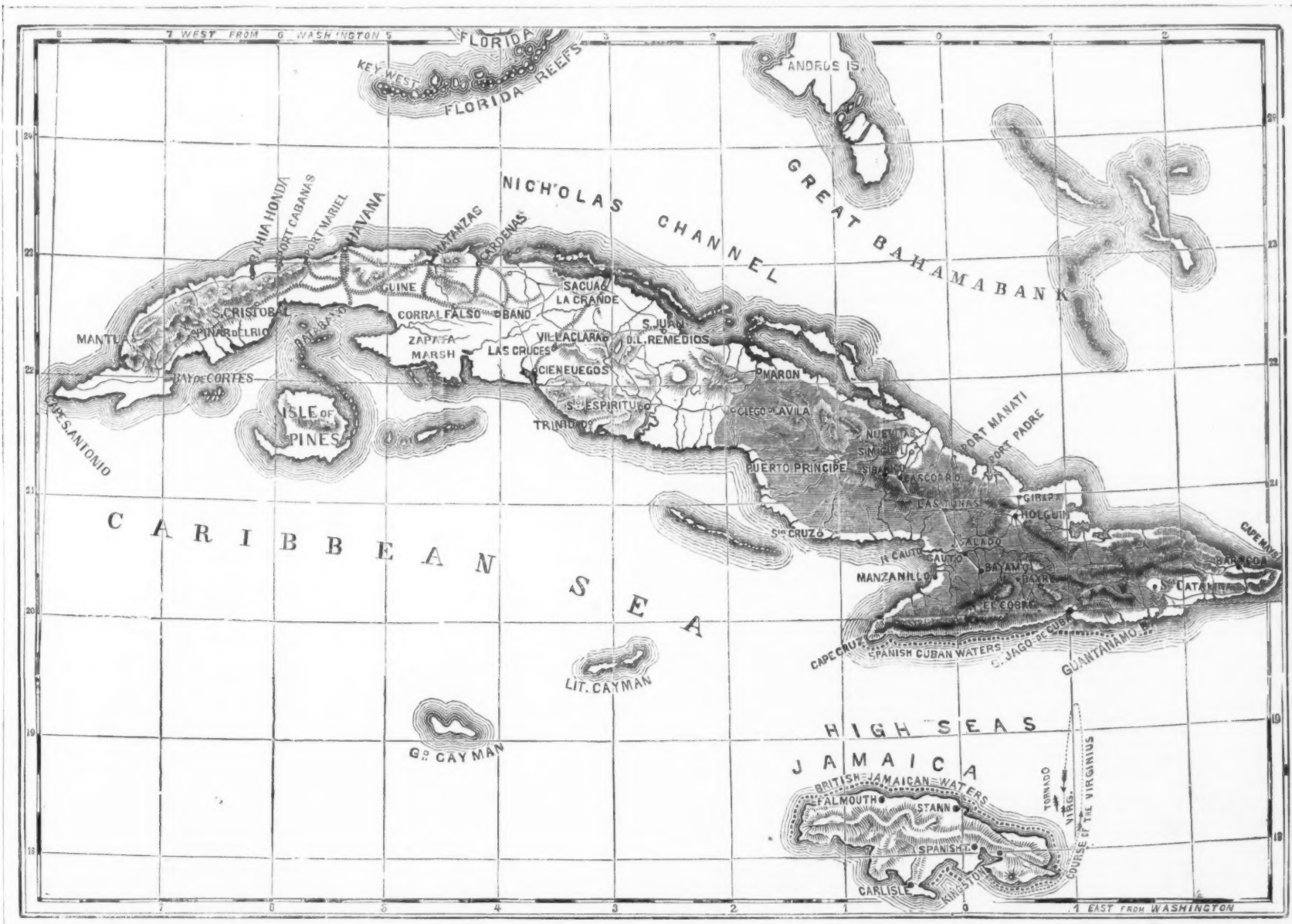


KHIVA.—THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION.—THE PALACE OF THE KHAN.

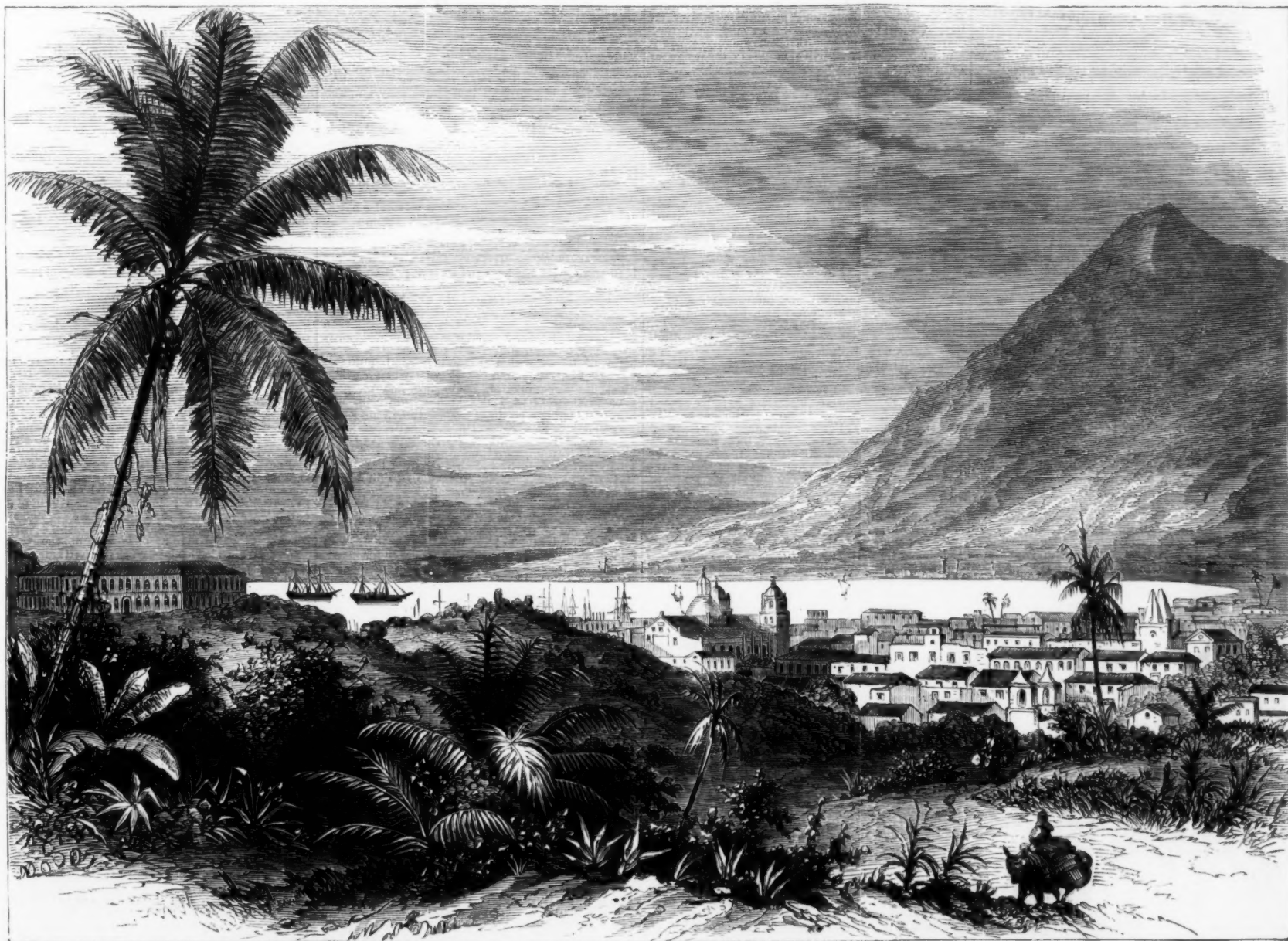


MADEIRA.—THE VESSEL "SEINE" LAYING THE LAND END OF THE BRAZILIAN SUBMARINE CABLE.





MAP OF CUBA, AND THE SITUATION OF THE SPANISH OUTRAGE, SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE "TORNADO" IN CHASE OF THE "VIRGINIUS," AND THE DISPUTED LINES OF AUTHORITY.—SEE PAGE 205.



VIEW OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA, WHERE THE CAPTAIN AND CREW OF THE "VIRGINIUS" WERE EXECUTED.—SKETCHED BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.—SEE PAGE 205.



## AMOR MUNDI.

"Oh, where are you going with your love-locks flowing  
On the west wind blowing along this valley track?"  
"The down-hill path is easy, come with me and I please ye,  
We shall escape the up-hill by never turning back."  
So they went together in glowing August weather,  
The honey-breathing heather lay to their left and right;  
And dear she was to dote on, her swift feet seemed to float on  
The air, like soft twin pigeons too sportive to alight.  
"Oh, what is it that in heaven where gray cloud-fakes are seen,  
Where blackest clouds hang riven just at the rainy skirts?"  
"Oh, that's a meteor sent us, a message, dumb, portentous,  
An undeciphered, solemn signal of help or hurt."  
"Oh, what is that glides quickly where velvet flowers grow thickly,  
Their scent comes rich and sickly."—"A scaled and hooded worm."  
"Oh, what's that in the hollow, so pale I quake to follow?"  
"Oh, that's a thin dead body which waits the eternal term."  
"Turn again, O my sweetest, turn again false and fleetest;  
This way whereof thou weetest I fear is hell's own track."  
"Nay, too steep for hill-mounting, nay, too late for cost-counting;  
This down-hill path is easy, but there's no turning back."

## THE STORY THAT WAS TOLD TO ME.

BY  
JAMES REYNOLDS.

HERTE MARTIN was a strange, cold man. His soul was, when I first saw him, as stormy as the sea, out of the depths of which, at the risk of life and the expenditure of much personal comfort, the food which nourished the wealth which clothed and housed those who were dependent upon him, were obtained.

The heaving, fickle, rolling tide was to Herte Martin what well-cared-for land is to the farmer. He could no more leave it and follow the plow than could the agriculturist with pleasure and hope of profit take to the ocean, and to the indrawing of the net look for the fair reward which honest toil should ever command.

Stern, untoward and reticent as was the fisherman when I first became acquainted with him, there had been a time, I was told, and not so far away, when a soft light made his gray, deep eyes have a kindly, inviting look—when there were no threads of silver to be seen mixed with his rich auburn hair—when there were no wrinkles on his ample brow, and no lines of care in his now sunken cheeks. In those days Herte Martin's laugh was the cheeriest, and his hand the readiest to help a friend or uphold the weak and friendless.

All was changed. Now, when the fisherman sat at his cottage-door upon the brink of the tide and looked out upon the broad waters, no word escaped his lips—no answer was returned to the hail of a passing neighbor, who, watching him covertly and curiously, would mutter: "Poor Herte! Perhaps if we were as he is, we would curse alike friend and foe."

One day I said to an acquaintance, whom I had made by occasionally using his boat when I felt inclined for sport—an intelligent, honest fisherman—while we were running towards the banks before a five-knot breeze:

"What makes your neighbor—your friend, Herte Martin—so different from the rest of your people? He is a crusty old fellow. Whenever I happen to meet him, he looks at me with such a savage expression, that, were I less timid than I am, I should fear his assaulting me, either for the purpose of taking my wallet or my life. He looks like a brigand, or, rather, as he is of the sea, a pirate!"

"And yet," answered my companion, "a better heart does not beat under the good God's sun. Herte Martin is a wronged man. He was robbed, two years ago, of his dearest treasure—of the sweetest daughter that ever made glad a father's heart or brought happiness to his hearthstone."

"Did she die?" I asked.  
"Ah, that she had!" answered my companion. "I am afraid something more terrible than death has happened to her."

"What?" I interrogated, unthinkingly—"what to father or mother's heart could be more terrible?"  
The fisherman looked up at the blue sky, and then along the line of the water, before he replied, in a low voice, his lips trembling as he spoke:

"What! ah, what? Dishonor!"  
It was some minutes before either again broke the silence.

The word I had heard, and uttered by the rough seafaring man who sat near me with a quiver of the lower lip made me feel interested—desirous of knowing to what his response pointed.

"Dishonor!" I repeated, at length. "In what sense do you employ the phrase?"  
"I will tell you," was the answer. "Perhaps it is but right that you should know it all. Every one hereabout does; and there is no reason, if you are to be a resident of our village, why it should be kept from you!"

The speaker was a young man, and good-looking. His face was bronzed by exposure to the sun and the air. He was full of the confidence which strength and health and reliance upon oneself impart; and to this might be added a degree of intelligence unusual in his class. He was by no means a clown in manner, and there was a certain decisiveness and clearness in his language that pleased, while it drew towards him his listeners. He said:

"I am an interested party in the little story of which I am about to give you the particulars. I will be brief as possible. In fact, there is not the slightest necessity in spinning you a long yarn, as it is better you should know it through me than through any other. I will begin by saying that Nellie Martin, Herte's daughter—and, I may add, only child—and I were children together—school-mates, playmates together; and when we had grown too big to be either, we grew into lovers—at least, I knew I loved, and," he added, in a lower tone of voice—in a tone that was husky—"I believe she cared for me. Herte Martin was not opposed to our union—rather, he encouraged us. He knew that I was not one of those who would waste time or money in a liquor saloon, and that, without being dishonest or tricky, I had an eye to the main chance. Now, I do not want you to get the idea that I was better than my fellows. I was not. But, you see, the love I bore to Nellie made me circumspect. She had been my guide

and adviser from babyhood, almost, although I was three years her senior, and in return for her love and her confidence in me I was her champion, and woe to the boy who looked or spoke angrily at her. We never said we loved each other; but, somehow, at least so it seemed to me, our future together was a matter of course; and—well," and the poor fellow hesitated a moment, and shaded his eyes with one of his big, brown, honest hands; and when he withdrew it I could not help but see that a tear stood in each, and sparkled in the sunlight like diamonds. "Well," he resumed, choking down a sob, "I didn't really know how much I cared for her until the morning succeeding the night of her disappearance, when, as I was mending a net, preparatory to running out to the banks over there and setting it, her father came suddenly to my side, his face white as that of a corpse, and, placing a trembling hand upon one of my arms, groaned rather than spoke."

"Dick—Dick Porter, have you seen Nellie—our Nellie—your Nellie?"  
"I turned and looked in his eyes; and then grasping his hand, which shook in mine as if his whole nervous system had been unstrung, I answered:

"I do not understand you. What do you mean? Why do you question me?"  
"He looked vacantly out upon the sea, as if his thoughts were far away, and moaned:

"I—I mean my girl—my only child. This morning!—No. It could not be.—Then, last night, Nellie—Nellie—Nellie! Where are you, child—oh, where are you? Do you not hear my voice? I—I am here. Nell! Nellie!"

"Mr. Martin," I asked, half suspecting that he had been drinking, "are you unwell—or mad; or have you been to the tavern with friends, drinking some of Jim Butts's flip?"

"Richard," he murmured, with a look I shall never forget, "I thought you cared for Nellie?"  
"I answered: 'I would give away half the years of my life if I thought it would benefit her.'"

"And you do not know where she is? Blind as an old codfish! I have sought her everywhere. She was not at home last night!"

"Not at home!" I cried, dropping my net, a great fear coming upon me. "Great God, what do you mean?"

"He turned from me and walked, like a man who had been stupefied with rum, towards his home; and I, with fear and trembling, my heart almost ceasing its pulsations, followed in his wake. When he entered his hut—the white walls of which you may see away over there, close to the shore, just beyond the bluff—he sat down, and bowing his head, covered his face with his hands, and so remained, immovable, it seemed to me, upwards of an hour."

"Herte!" I at last cried, "this will not do. Is Nellie dead? Is she drowned? Come, be a man! Where is your sister Martha? Why act more like an old woman than a man? I thought there was better stuff in you!"

"He sprang to his feet like a tiger from its lair upon passing prey; and while his eyes fairly glittered with anger, he clutched my right arm and held it as if in a vice, crying in a voice full of suppressed passion:

"Dick, I am a man—and I am a father! But, come this way," and he drew me to the open door. "Tell me," he resumed, in a hissing tone, "if you see the brigantine that was riding in the bay, at her anchor, when the sun set last night?"

"She is gone," I answered. "We all knew she was to sail after sundown, when the tide served."

"Yes—yes," he replied. "But did you know—did any one—that she would take with her as passenger my Nellie—my child?"

My companion, overcome by the recollection of the scene he was describing, again paused. Averting his face, he looked at the wavelets that rose and fell, as we pushed through them, seemingly following, as if in sportive mood, in the wake of our boat.

In a lower and sadder tone he resumed:

"That day Herte Martin became an old man. A quarter of a century seemed to be added to the sum of his years. His eyes, which until that day had a kindly expression, assumed the stern, even the savage, expression they now wear. His hair to me visibly blanched, and I even thought I could see the share of sorrow, rather than of time, plow the furrows that are there to-day into his broad brow, and in his once rosy cheeks, dimpled with smiles, the lines gather. Herte Martin did not leave the shadow of his house for many days. There he would see or converse with no one—not even the sister of his dead wife, the aunt of the missing Nellie. Once, as a friend subsequently informed me, he stole at night, like a criminal, out of the village, and was absent two weeks. While away he called upon a stonecutter, and fashioned for him a monument, upon which he caused to be engraved the name 'Nellie.' That was all. This he set upon a plot of ground which he reared off. The stone, with a date upon it, you may now see in a patch of garden-land that stretches a bit inland from the rear of his dwelling."

"I have seen it," I remarked.  
"Yes," continued Porter, "and it is so placed that Herte, from where he usually sits and broods, can see it when at home. This done, he re-called his boats, repaired his seines, and then, reserved as ever, he resumed his occupation. He rarely speaks to any one. When he does, it is in such a restrained, absent fashion, that while all pity, few care to associate with him. Even the most reticent ture of silence in others—especially when all confidence is withdrawn."

"But," I here remarked, "what could have induced the girl to leave her father, her home, her lover, and thus steal away?"

"I will tell you," quickly answered the young fisherman, as he tacked the boat and ran her upon the opposite course, the wind being dead against us. "I will tell you. She was fascinated. Did you ever see a poor, fluttering, timid bird drawn down from its airy into the very jaws of the serpent? I suppose not, for it is disputed by the wise ones of the earth that the snake possesses such power. I am convinced it has; and there are men who, in their influence over women, are endowed with the self-same subtle quality! Such a one was the skipper of the brigantine—a tall, dark, but exceedingly handsome-looking man, with black, soft, eloquent, glittering eyes; and who, when he spoke, dropped his syllables so softly that he seemed to purr like a cat. He put in here in stress of weather, and remained at anchor nearly six weeks, repairing and repainting his vessel, and taking in fresh provisions. He was exceedingly familiar with those who sought his acquaintance; and no stranger more frequently darkened the doors of Martin's house. In story and anecdote he was inexhaustible. I thought him a good fellow; but too plausible. I was not jealous of him—for, although now that I recall the fact that Herte's daughter always smiled pleasantly and welcomed him heartily when he called and spun his yarns, it never occurred to me that the glittering eyes of the serpent were charming the little bird out of its parent's nest. And yet, when Captain Carter was not near Nellie, how dull and absent-minded she would be! He reported that his cargo consisted mainly of French

and Swiss goods and English arms; and that he had cleared last from Marseilles, and would, having called in at New York to report to the owners, sail directly for Pernambuco. Thence he would proceed to Rio Janeiro, and should he not by that time have realized on his various consignments, he'd proceed to Montevideo and, if necessary, around the Horn and up the Pacific."

"While Herte was yet stunned by his great loss, and consequently wholly incapable of acting for himself or advising others, I gathered my little savings together, sold a small farm my mother had left me, and journeyed to New York, resolved upon rescuing the poor girl from the fangs of her tempter, and, if possible, have him arrested and punished for her abduction. Upon entering the great metropolis, I hastened to the Custom House, and there ascertained that the brigantine *Sunset*, Carter, master, had not arrived in the harbor."

"I congratulated myself upon my expedition, and, as I thought, my acuteness. Morning and evening I ran my eyes over the lists of arrivals in the bay, as reported to the barge office at the foot of Whitehall Slip, but no *Sunset* was reported. Three weeks were thus wasted by me. Then I began to surmise that Carter had not intended to visit New York, but had given out the idea to mislead those who might start in pursuit of him. A week later I was at sea, having, by good fortune, secured a berth in a ship bound for Pernambuco. It was clipper-built, and said to be an unusually fast sailer. Of this I was satisfied when we had gotten well out on the water. I found that vessels bound for ports in the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and further south, which had left harbor many days before us, were rapidly overhauled and passed. My hopes ran high. Early one morning, while standing off the Lesser Antilles, I noticed, under full sail, but considerably to the windward, a brigantine. Borrowing the first officer's glass, I looked long and earnestly at the vessel. It was, I doubted not, the *Sunset*!"

"I was overjoyed!"

"I debated with myself whether I would wait until we had reached our point of destination—the most easterly harbor of South America—or request Captain Dunscomb of the *Fleetwing* to overhaul the brigantine and give me an opportunity to board her. I chose the former as the most feasible plan. Towards sundown that day the beautiful clipper had shot far ahead of the *Sunset*. About eight bells the barometer suddenly rose and the thermometer as suddenly fell. Then, from the northeast, a hurricane swept down upon us, and, before we could reef home all sail, it struck the mainsail, swept two men overboard, and, at the same moment, as if it were a pipe-stem, snapped the mizzen-mast, carrying it by the board, rigging and all. The ship labored heavily. Unfortunately the cargo shifted to leeward, and, during the long and boisterous night that followed, the sea lashed into mountainous waves by the fury of the gale, we momentarily feared that should the cargo again work its way further to the leeward side of the hull we should inevitably capsize. Fortunately, towards daylight the tempest abated, and about midday, the sea having gone down, we considered ourselves out of danger. There was nothing now for us to do but get the cargo back to its old place, and then make for the nearest anchorage, which was the roadstead of Trinidad, in Venezuela."

"As for the brigantine, I was satisfied that it must also have been terribly crippled—perhaps have foundered with all hands."

"Poor Nellie! she, too," I soliloquized, "must have gone down with the vessel."

"And I felt a sort of satisfaction in this thought, for I could not endure to think of the future that was perhaps in store for her, should the craft survive the storm."

"In a couple of weeks we were again at sea, and it was not many days before we were off Pernambuco. There I ascertained, upon applying to the American consul, that the *Sunset* had been in harbor, and that while lying there her master had been united in marriage to a young lady—a passenger—a Miss Martin!"

"Then Nellie has become the wife of the tempter!" I said to myself.

"I was rejoiced to learn so much. She was saved. Her honor was untarnished. If indeed the fellow who had seduced her from her home had abused her confidence, he had nobly made amends for all."

"I now felt that further pursuit was quite out of the question."

"As the fugitive and, as I thought, Nellie Martin, I had a right as her father's friend, to interfere."

"As the wife, as Mrs. Captain Carter, however blamable her or her husband's conduct, I could not open my lips in remonstrance."

"I still loved the girl. I do not know how it was, but it seemed to me, as her memory is at this moment, that she was even more priceless than ever. But, ah! I had not the subtle gift of fascinating—psychologizing her."

"I continued with Captain Dunscomb until his voyage was completed, which was when we had entered many ports of South America on both oceans, then crossed the Pacific to China, and having taken in a cargo of teas, returned home, by way of the Cape of Good Hope. I had been, when I again entered the Narrows—the gateway to the harbor of New York—abroad twenty-seven months. I had lost nothing by my absence from home. In fact, when I again entered the village, I found myself several hundred dollars richer."

"I lost no time in calling upon Herte Martin."

"He received me with scarcely a word of greeting."

"Herte," I said to him, for I thought the news I had to give would at least bring peace to his heart, loosen his tongue, and soften the cold, suspicious look I saw was still in his stern eyes—"Herte," I repeated, placing one of my hands upon his right shoulder, "I have something all the way from Pernambuco that will take the shadow from your soul and make you feel a man again."

"Have you, Richard?" he returned, in a low voice.

"I saw it was an effort in him to speak."

"Yes," I returned: "from the American consul's own lips at that port I learned that Nellie Martin was united in marriage to Thomas Carter, of the brigantine *Sunset*."

"It had not the electric effect upon his mind that I had calculated it would have. I was disappointed."

"He turned towards me and looked me squarely in the eyes. Then he slowly pointed towards the tombstone he had so strangely set up, and whispered in a harsh voice:

"Richard Porter, you are mistaken. The day she left this house her father mourned her as one dead. To him, her body lies over there," pointing, as he spoke, to the white monument. "A Nellie Martin may have married at Pernambuco a man of the name of Thomas Carter. That I may not deny; but it was not the Nellie Martin who used to look up so brightly in my face and wind her soft, white arms around my neck when I returned empty or full from the banks, and chirped like a bird in my ear. 'Father!' No, no! it was not the girl whom Richard Porter loved and would have made his

honest wife with my glad consent. Oh, no! you are in error, my good friend. You have been misinformed. The child I so loved is, to her father, lying over there. The woman of whom you, Richard, speak may at this hour be anywhere!"

"Saddened in heart, I softly rose from my seat, and grasping the extended right hand of the fisherman, pressed it in my own, and then, without a word, left the house. Martha Peebles, the aunt of poor Nellie, met me at the gate, and there, to her questions, I told all that I knew of her niece's marriage."

"How differently she received it! Her eyes filled with tears, and as she left me and proceeded towards the house, I heard her mutter, as if in prayer: 'Thank God—thank God Nellie is not altogether lost—that she has been made by her seducer an honest woman.'"

"The summer season rapidly passed away."

"I had resumed my old business, and I faithfully labored in my mind to persuade myself that the Nellie I had so proudly loved, and whose memory I now, and ever will, cherish, was resting beneath the tombstone in the garden of Herte Martin. But, daily, hourly, her sweet, fresh young face would rise up before me; and then it would come to me that I would yet again see the deluded woman, and would again take her in my arms!"

"The Fall months passed away as swiftly as had those of the Summer, and at last December came to us, with its cutting winds, its frosts, and its ice and snow."

"The season for fishing was closed. The boats of all who followed the calling were housed, and the great nets taken in to be repaired, or twine prepared for making new ones, to replace those which had become valueless."

"Much of my time was devoted to reading; and while yet studying a new work of peculiar interest on ichthyology—for I am extremely fond of perusing treatises upon fishes—at an unusually late hour in the night, the wind howling terrifically without, I heard a signal-gun."

"God help those who are standing off the coast this night," I said, as I rose to my feet, and turned my face to the window of the warm room I was in. "It is a fearful night; the wind is from the north and east, and it is bitter cold."

"I looked out upon the sea, but in the darkness could see nothing save the combings of the waves, that rose and fell like the nodding plumes of an innumerable army."

"While I was watching these, a flash of lightning seemed to burn in my eyes. This was followed by the report of a heavy gun."

"There is a vessel in the offing," I murmured. "A pilot is wanted. Well, I pity the man who may have hardihood enough to go out to night. Why don't the captain of that ship, or whatever it is, run out to sea, and wait until morning?"

"Again the gun was fired, and then, before the report of it had well died out, another charge of powder was exploded."

"What does that mean?" I said, as a thought of danger entered my mind.

"Before I could answer my own question, a rocket sprang into the air, and a blue flame, that for a few seconds lighted up the roadstead, was burnt upon the stranger's deck."

"I had my glass to my eyes."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "she is drifting towards the rocks! She seems helpless! What does it all mean? Has she lost her rudder?"

"By this time voices could be heard on the shore. It was evident the people of the village were as conscious of the danger in which the vessel that was laboring in the offing was as myself."

"I put on some stout, weather-defying garments, and hastened to rejoin my neighbors, and with them, if possible, save those who were exposed to such imminent peril."

"At the seaside, an old man who had acted as pilot on the coast for many years, whose name is Gilbert Gildersleeve, came to my side, and said in his abrupt way:

"It's onpossible, Mr. Porter. We can't save that craft. There's a lifeboat, but I'm afear'd we can't make no headway with it in this here tempest which is increasing in violence every minute. The stranger, I guess, has lost her steerin' gear an' rudder, an' God help all on board on her. From the position she was in when she burnt that there light, she's beyond caring for. She'll be sure to get on to the rocks, an' once there, she'll be pounded to pieces."

"Is the lifeboat afloat, Gildersleeve?" I asked quickly.

"She air," he answered.

"Then let us make an effort. It may be that we may save the people on board, if not the vessel."

"While I was thus standing, and with great difficulty speaking, for the wind roared loudly as it struck the boiling sea with terrible force, signal-guns and rockets of distress were sent into the dense darkness of the heavens—every one a sign of despair."

"Presently, six willing men, myself at the rudder, were in the lifeboat."

"Bravely we toiled at the oars in order to push the light craft ahead; but it seemed a work of vanity. We rose and fell with the waves, now in the vortex of the storm-lashed sea, and anon topping upon the crest of a wave. For upward of an hour we struggled. We began to despond. In the darkness we had persuaded ourselves that we were within arrow-shot of the shore. Just as in very despair we were about to rest on our oars and allow the boat to drift landward, a great bonfire was lighted by considerate people on the bluff, and we at once saw that we were nearer the laboring vessel. Now it seemed to us within cable-length of the rocks. Then the shore! This fact gave us heart, and again we returned to our oars, pulling with a will. Could we but reach the vessel, which, in the light of the bonfire, looked like a brigantine—like the craft in which Nellie Martin was persuaded to leave her father's loving arms, and her native home—we might save life! My heart swelled at the thought."

"She may be on board," I whispered to myself, as I looked again at the vessel. "Great God! should she be there!"

"The feeling was overwhelming. My head seemed to grow dizzy. A momentary darkness filled my eyes; and my heart rose in my throat, as I thought, until I was almost suffocated."

"We were now within a hundred rods of the brigantine."

"Could we reach her in time sufficient to save her people?" we questioned each other.

"And we answered each the other that we would try."

"Suddenly we heard a deep, sullen sound, that rose high above the voice of the tempest. Then we felt our boat rocked to and fro as if it had been tossed by an earthquake. Again, before we could steady ourselves, the boiling waters around the vessel rose many feet, lifting it high above the altitude of ordinary waves."

"Ah! what a fearful shriek came to us! It rings in my ears even now. The spars and masts of the stranger at the same time were projected like the sticks of rockets into the air, and then fell heavily upon the sea."

"She has blown up!" cried stout old Gildersleeve



who had the stroke. "By the Lord, her crew have been hurled into eternity!"

"Perhaps we can save some one," I said. "Come, boys, let us see what we can do in the cause of humanity. It may be that there were those on board the ill-fated ship who are precious to our own people."

"Without a word the men renewed their efforts, and in a few minutes, our path yet illuminated by the great fire on the bluff, we found ourselves amid planks and spars and other debris of the ill-fated craft. But no body found we—no life could we save."

"We returned to the shore, and waited for the morning."

"Leaving those who had been in the lifeboat with me, I hastened to the cottage of Herte Martin."

"I found him sitting in the chimney-place, his pilot-coat lying loosely over his shoulders, and his son—wester, yet wet from the storm without, drawn well over his forehead and shading his eyes. His arms were folded over his breast. He was evidently in deep thought."

"Herte," I said, as I stood by his side, and looked at the great, cheerful fire, "this has been a bitter night, and souls that were hopeful this morning are now in the eternity to which we are all hastening."

"The man, except, perhaps, an accidental bowing of his head, made me no answer."

"I was about to retire to the street and return to my own snug quarters, when old Martha Peebles suddenly placed a hand upon one of my arms, and stood in a listening attitude, her body rigid, and her features fixed and intent."

"What cry is that?" she asked, in a low, guttural voice. "Hist! hist! I hear it! There it is again!"

"I hear nothing," I returned.

"She seemed not to have noticed my words."

"That voice! It is—Herte Martin!" she cried, in a louder, a shriller key, "it is either from heaven or from earth—the voice of Nellie—of your daughter!"

"Herte Martin moved not; and I—I knew not what to say or do."

"Yes, yes!" Martha muttered, quickly, as she released my arm and picked out of the fire a half-burnt stick of resinous pine that flared like a torch, and with it ran to the door that opened upon the street."

"Who—who is that?" the woman shrieked, as she held the torch up, and peered out into the darkness."

"There—there! She is lying against the post—senseless—dead! Nellie! Nellie!"

"The old woman threw the burning pine upon the ground, and ran towards the object that had attracted her attention."

"In a moment she snatched it in her arms, and returned to the house, with it closely pressed to her breast."

"Great God!" I cried, as I caught a glimpse of the well-known features. "Herte! Herte Martin, awaken! Here is Nellie, your child, given to your arms by a convulsion of the sea!"

"The man rose up, his arms yet folded over his breast."

"He stood immovable for a moment. We could not see his eyes, as they were hidden from us by the rim of the son's wester."

"Suddenly he removed his arms from his chest, and then, gasping, he dashed his hat upon the floor."

"Dead—dead!" he moaned.

"He threw his arms out wildly, waving, as if he would clutch at something upon which he could support himself."

"Dead! Ah, she is de—de—ad! Nel—"

"He staggered forward, like one drunk, and fell in a swoon at the feet of the breathless—the dead body of her who had once been the light of his house—the pride of his heart—of her who was—"

The speaker put a hand hurriedly over his eyes. Then, in a husky voice, he added:

"Beneath the monument in the garden of Herte Martin, a ring of plain gold upon her wedding-finger, lies the body of the young girl—of the wife of him who had fascinated her heart, and then seduced her from her father's house, to be wedded in a foreign land, only to be given up a corpse by the sea at that wronged father's door!"

"A sad story," I said, as he concluded.

"Come," the fisherman cried, in a more cheerful voice, "we are on the banks, and now for sport and work. In heaven I shall meet Nellie."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

### CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE NAVAL BATTLE OFF CARTAGENA.

On the 11th of October there was a naval engagement in Escambrera Bay, outside the harbor of Cartagena, of which we give an illustration. It was fought between the ironclad squadron in possession of the Intransigentes and the squadron belonging to the Spanish Republican Government of Madrid. The Governmental squadron consisted of the ironclad *Vittoria*, frigates *Almansa*, *Carmen* and *Narvaez Tolosa*, the paddle *Ville de Cadix* and sloop *Diana*. Their antagonists were the three ironclads, *Numancia*, *Tetuan* and *Mendez-Nunez*, and paddle frigate *Fernando el Catolico*. General Contreras commanded. The fight was witnessed by the English vessels *Lord Warden*, *Sciffaure*, *Research*, *Spitfire* and *Hart*; the German wooden frigate *Elizabeth*, the Italian ram *San Martino* and the French ram *Thetis*. It was a spirited fight, but amounted to little more than a long-range duel. The Intransigentes lost thirteen men, the Government forces none at all.

### CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—SOLDIERS LEAVING MADRID FOR THE NORTH.

This sketch illustrates a scene in Madrid of frequent occurrence these stormy times. A regiment of soldiers is bidding farewell to their friends before they leave for the north to battle with the forces of Don Carlos. The picture represents the space back of the barracks of St. Gill. Four hundred recruits from the various provinces have just joined the regiment, and it is they who are bidding tearful adieus to parents, wives and sweethearts. A sad and mournful picture it is, but one that war makes necessary.

### CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN.—THE INSURGENT FRIGATE "NUMANCIA" SINKING THE "FERNANDO EL CATOLICO."

The cable has already informed us of the sinking of the wooden vessel *Fernando el Catolico* in the harbor of Cartagena by the insurgent ram *Numancia*. It occurred subsequent to the naval engagement between the insurgent squadron and that of General Lobo, and was the result of a false movement, and not of design, as first reported. The *Fernando el Catolico* filled and sank almost immediately, all on board perishing, save five. It was afterwards ascertained that sixty-six lives were lost.

### KHIVA.—THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION—TEMPLE OF THE PALACE.

The city of Khiva, although a mere collection of mud huts, has that rather picturesque appearance

possessed in common by all Oriental towns. It contains from three to four thousand dwellings or huts. A nine-mile wall surrounds the city, the population of which is about 20,000. Picture to yourself three or four thousand mud houses standing in different directions in the most irregular manner, with uneven and unwashed walls; and fancy these surrounded by a wall ten feet high," says Vambéry, "and you have Khiva." We give a view of the Temple of the Palace, as a sample of the architecture.

### KHIVA.—THE RUSSIAN EXPEDITION—THE KHAN'S PALACE.

It is not a very royal-looking affair, as may be seen by a glance at the sketch. It is built of mud, and hasn't a pane of glass in it. But still it is a palace, the residence of a monarch, and consequently interesting. When we read of the miserable collection of mud huts, surrounded by a mud wall, which is known as Khiva, we wonder at the temerity displayed by the Khan in incurring the displeasure of the Russians. It was well for him that he made peace when he did, for the guns of the Czar's soldiers would have battered his palace and town to pieces in a jiffy.

### MADEIRA.—THE "SEINE" LAYING LAND-END OF THE BRAZILIAN SUBMARINE CABLE.

The Brazilian Submarine Cable has been laid as far as Madeira. We give an illustration of the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company's steamer *Seine* landing the shore-end. The *Seine* had laid successfully 380 miles, when, in picking up a section, it parted and sank to the bottom, 2,250 fathoms below. After nearly a month's delay, the cable was recovered, and finally made fast upon the island. News to England from the Ashantee war will now be sent via Madeira.

## DORTLINGS.

### No. III.

#### MANNISH DRESS.

WHY is it that man alone among the males of the animal kingdom dresses more quietly than the female? There is a scientific conundrum. The lion with his beautiful mane is far handsomer than his unadorned mate. The male peacock has plumage ten times more magnificent than his wife. The turkey-gobbler even has a beautiful fan tail which his hen cannot boast of. Shall I multiply instances? The bird-of-paradise, the parrot, the eagle, and, to leave zoology, the Indian chieftain, decks himself with feathers and paint more gayly than his mate.

Matilda suggests it is the influence of civilization.

I will accept her explanation, and continue. It is certain that the gentlemen have left the bright colors in dress to us ladies. They only reserve to themselves a bit of color in their ties.

A gentleman is well dressed when there is nothing to be remarked in his costume as peculiar.

A velvet vest with red spots, a pair of yellow-and-blue-checked trousers, or a suit of wide red-and-black-striped goods, are all out of taste.

No true gentleman will wear such enormities. With characteristic, innate gentlemanly feeling, he will shrink from making himself conspicuous.

Nor will a gentleman ever be anything but neat in his dress.

I have seen some most unpardonably careless men.

They give it as excuse that they have no one—neither sister, mother or wife—to look after their garments.

"Qui s'excuse, s'accuse," says the French proverb.

No man is too poor to employ some person to mend his linen and sew his buttons on. If he is, let him do it himself, sooner than be untidy.

A nice well-brushed hat, clean linen and whole gloves are the *pieces de resistance* of a gentleman's toilet. With these important auxiliaries, faded and rubbed clothes are excusable, if carefully brushed.

A lady notices nothing more quickly than untidiness. If a gentleman discovers a button off his shirt, and carelessly replaces it with a pin; or if his stud won't go in because the button-hole is too small, and his penknife is used to make it wide, a lady's keen eye marks it directly. Either she is disgusted, or she pities his forlorn condition.

Neither of which a gentleman cares for.

Every mother should teach her little boys to sew at least a button on, and to darn the holes in their stockings. There is no reason why they should not learn as well as their sisters.

"None but custom," interposes Matilda.

Custom! Bah! It is all prejudice. We pay, as a nation, altogether too much attention to custom.

Because it is the custom, every man in America wears black on festive occasions. They dress in funeral habiliments, as if in the deepest of affliction, to express gayety.

Suppose we adopted the same color! What a gay ball room! Ladies and gentlemen both alike in black garb, waltzing slowly to the "Dead March in Saul."

Cheerful, wouldn't it be?

We have been laughed at and ridiculed mercilessly by foreigners for this absurd custom, but it seems impossible to do away with it.

Some few Winters past, blue dress-coats, with brass buttons, were introduced as a fashionable novelty. But they didn't take? Young America hadn't enough brass to wear them, and the fashion died almost before it was born.

I wish it had succeeded. Anything to relieve this frightful undertaker or waiter style.

A young lady at a party might waltz with a waiter and never find it out.

Apropos of this, a story strikes me. A young lady friend of mine once gave a large and fashionable entertainment. There were present, as usual, a large number of young men, who had been brought as escorts by the young lady guests, but were otherwise unknown to the hostess.

A couple were needed to complete a set of Lancers which was forming. The young hostess was experiencing the disgusting practice of society fellows: "Aw! Don't dance anything but *round dances*! Sorry, very!" In despair, her eye fell upon a young man in irreproachable costume, standing in the doorway watching the dancers. She asked him—supposing he was one of the escorts—as a favor to make up the set, offering to dance with him herself. He accepted, and she did not discover her terrible mistake until she saw her late partner handing her to the supper-room.

She had been dancing with one of the hired waiters.

Gentlemen have at least made one innovation. English costume is worn at weddings, light trousers, blue scarf and frock-coat. How I wish it might be adopted for other festivities!

By-the-way, ladies are not tied down to a uniform on such occasions. Why should gentlemen be?

In all other respects but the American-funeral-black-festive-costume, the English tailors regulate the fashionable dress here.

Once it was the French fashion which was fol-

lowed, but now they have left Parisian *modes* to us (ladies,) and of late years copy our friends of the English nation.

One good thing has resulted from this change. The English love comfort. They set it above everything else. Tight boots no longer torture. Great, thick, heavy-soled ones, serviceable for all sorts of weathers, are worn.

Is it cold? Does the wind blow keen, and the snow fall fast? The *Ulster* overcoat, made not alone for beauty, may wrap the maudy form, protecting it from frost.

Don't men look hideous in *Ulster* coats?

I suppose you know how they came to be fashionable. The Prince of Wales was exceedingly cold, and could get no coat at *Ulster* except one of those commonly worn by the carmen.

Brave Albert Edward, regardless of looks, purchased one. Immediately all the youth of fashion in England followed his example. Of course, "Ulsters" were worn over here, too, and very warm and comfortable they are, notwithstanding their ugliness.

"Handsome is that handsome does," as my old grandmother used to say.

Do you like much jewelry on a gentleman?

I don't. Cuff-buttons and studs, with a watch and chain, is quite sufficient.

I dislike scarf-pins very much. Also a cable watch-chain, dangling with charms. It looks "Jewy" to wear too much or too gaudy jewelry.

Diamond shirt-studs are no longer considered the thing—unless, indeed, one has the enviable reputation of having robbed a bank or failed for a million.

Our merchant princes, Stewart, Astor, etc., are very quiet in their dress. August Belmont used to wear plain pearl buttons on his shirt.

Nor is it good taste for a gentleman to wear a diamond ring. A large seal or a cameo ring on the little finger looks well; but more than one ring, or too showy a one, is extremely vulgar. You see, gentlemen, it is impossible to be too fastidious or careful in your toilet.

How many men know how to manage a cane?

It is an art to carry a cane gracefully.

It bears the same relation to a man as a fan or a parasol to a lady. He can coquette with it as she does with these articles.

But how painful to see a fellow with a cane who don't know how to manage it!

Some whirl them about like shillalahs; others swing them as if they were bludgeons to keep off intruders.

Indeed, it is really dangerous to walk too close behind an inexperienced cane-carrier. You might lose your eye or receive a stunning blow.

I wonder more accidents don't occur from the reckless use—or, rather, *abuse*—of canes.

Gentlemen have a wide range in selecting this accessory to their toilet. Canes are made in every style and of all varieties of wood—canes fantastic, ornamental, beautiful, strong and useful, silver or gold-mounted, carved, polished or mottled.

By-the-way, Matilda, don't make Adolphus another pair of slippers this Christmas—he only has fourteen—but buy him a handsome cane. Diana Dortle will have a word to say about holiday presents shortly, as the season is approaching when such advice will be needed.

Now I have a word to say to those poor deluded men who dye.

Last week I dorted over the ladies' toilet-table, and took them sharply to task for using cosmetics. Now I want to scold those men who are not content to leave their hair and whiskers to Dame Nature.

If you do not like the powder she sprinkles on their glossy black or deep brown, you have a better remedy. Shave 'em off!

That is far cleaner than using dye! Ugh! I bethink me of an elderly gentleman—a physician, who should know better, too—who dyes his hair and whiskers, and the nasty stuff colors his skin, and rubs off on his collar. Bah! It makes me quite sick to think of it.

Are Colonel Howe, and Mr. Edwin Stoughton, the eminent lawyer, less handsome because they do not dye? No. Iron-gray or white whiskers and hair are beautiful—positively beautiful.

It inspires respect, as well as admiration.

And defend me from the man who wears a wig!

No one is ever so deluded as to believe it his own hair. The wig deceit is a palpable one.

Fortunately, but few people do this; although I know of one eminent divine who wears a wig, and sends regularly to his barber in Paris to have it renewed, every year—made grayer and thinner. All his congregation know it. When I went once to hear him preach, I could not pay attention to the eloquent sermon, because I was looking to see how it was fastened on.

Shall I tell you his name? It is—On second thoughts, and by Matilda's advice, I won't.

DIANA DORTLE.

## OPINIONS OF PROMINENT MEN.

SENATOR MORTON has expressed himself as opposed to any inflation of the currency.

MAYOR STOKELY, of Philadelphia, denies that he said he didn't care whether the people starved or not.

CAPTAIN E. B. WARD, of Detroit, a large dealer in iron, says the shock to the iron trade is as sudden as an earthquake.

MR. WILLIAM SHAW, of Pittsburgh, a large stockholder of the Pennsylvania Central Road, does not think Tom Scott is going to fail; and if he does, it won't affect the standing of the Road.

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY HUGH McCULLOCH is of the opinion that the bottom of the panic has been reached. There exists no real reason for the present condition of affairs. All over the country can be seen elements of prosperity that should be bearing their proper fruit, and all that is needed is public confidence. The Press is undoubtedly what we are to look to for a reaction in the feeling of depression. In speaking of the partial crisis that occurred at the time of the suspension of Overend, Gurney & Co.—the London bankers who failed in 1866—he stated that he sold large sums of gold (he then being Secretary of the Treasury,) throwing up the market in one day as much as \$30,000,000.

MR. A. A. LOW, a great druggoods merchant of New York City, is in favor of an immediate return to specie payments—so far, at least, as it is possible. He thinks that the people have lost their reason under the demoralizing impulse of the panic, and calls upon Congress, when it again assembles, to do all that it can towards a righting of business on a firm and sensible banking basis. He defends the railroads from the sweeping charge of worthlessness. Gold must always be assumed as the standard of values. The Government's lack of honor, as shown in its failure to meet its obligations, has caused much of the present trouble. There is no reason why specie payments should not be commenced—imports are small, exports large, and gold is coming to this country by every European steamer.

## PERSONAL.

THEODORE HOOK, once talking of a man just buried, said, "Yes, I was out that day, and I met him in his private box going to the pit."

CHAMBERD bought a white horse for the purpose of making his entry into Paris, which is the first intimation that his government will be a stable one. Ours is.

ERASTUS CORNING, JR., of Albany, is taking a \$50,000 wedding trip, but as his income is about \$2,000 a day, he won't have to be more than ordinarily economical.

HUFTI-BEV, commandant of the Turkish Arsenal at Top Kaue, with a party of commissioned officers, is coming to this country to superintend the manufacture of 600,000 Martini rifles at Providence, R. I.

DEBT is not always a bad thing. If the enthusiastic Cubans had not paid the \$400 that morning on the wharf when General Ryan came down in the hands of a Sheriff, the unfortunate man might now be alive.

MRS. WESTMORELAND, formerly of Georgia, and now a resident of New York, the writer of two well-known novels, "Clifford Troup" and "Heart-Hungry," will make her first appearance as a lecturer at an early date.

FRANK BLAIR says Grant has a great deal more talent than he gets credit for. His talent, then, is an exceptional case; he gets credit for most everything else he has. But perhaps we haven't discovered that talent as yet.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the surgeon, makes a larger income than any other member of his profession in England. In his youth, Sir Henry was a linen-draper, but now, at the age of fifty-three, he is at the head of his profession.

MR. STANLEY JAMES, an English journalist, who has devoted much time to the question of labor reform and emigration, has been deputed by Mr. Arch to act as American representative of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union of England.

SINCE removal to the new reservation, Captain Jack's widow, three of her, has doffed her mourning, and in place of her widow's weeds appears in cavalry boots ranging from numbers ten to twelve, and double necklaces of brilliant glass beads. "When we are dead, are we so soon forgot?"

FIGS IX. dresses in white and scarlet cloth. His Holiness requires each year four or five new upper garments. These cost \$80 each. His stockings cost \$4.80 per pair. Each red cloak costs \$160, and a pair of slippers made of red cloth with a gold border and embroidered with a gold cross, costs \$24, the Pope requiring six pairs a year. In round numbers the Pope's necessary outfit does not cost him much over \$800 per annum, a moderate sum for one in his position.

## SCIENTIFIC NEWS.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.—The mineral asbestos is highly recommended as a means of rendering buildings fire-proof. It is cheap, abundant, indestructible, and an absolute non-conductor of heat. If employed in filling between the joists and the partitions of buildings where laths and plaster only are used, it would be almost impossible for a fire to extend beyond the building in which it originated.

THE DISCOLORATION OF PEARLS.—If the section of a pearl is examined it will be found that it is formed of layers of cells, the centre being similar to the pith of wood, which, if kept in contact with the skin, absorbs the perspiration, which, being acted upon by the air, turns blackish. Soap or any other greasy substance will injure pearls in a similar manner by being absorbed. Pearls cut in half turn quicker than whole ones.

CHINESE WEATHER-SIGNAL.—Mr. Campbell, the Chief Secretary of the Inspector-General of Customs in China, is now in Europe with a view of obtaining instruments for a complete chain of meteorological stations in that country. It is also proposed to transmit weather information all along the east coast of Asia. If the plan is carried out it will be a great step towards the establishment of an international system of meteorological reports advanced by the late Commodore Maury.

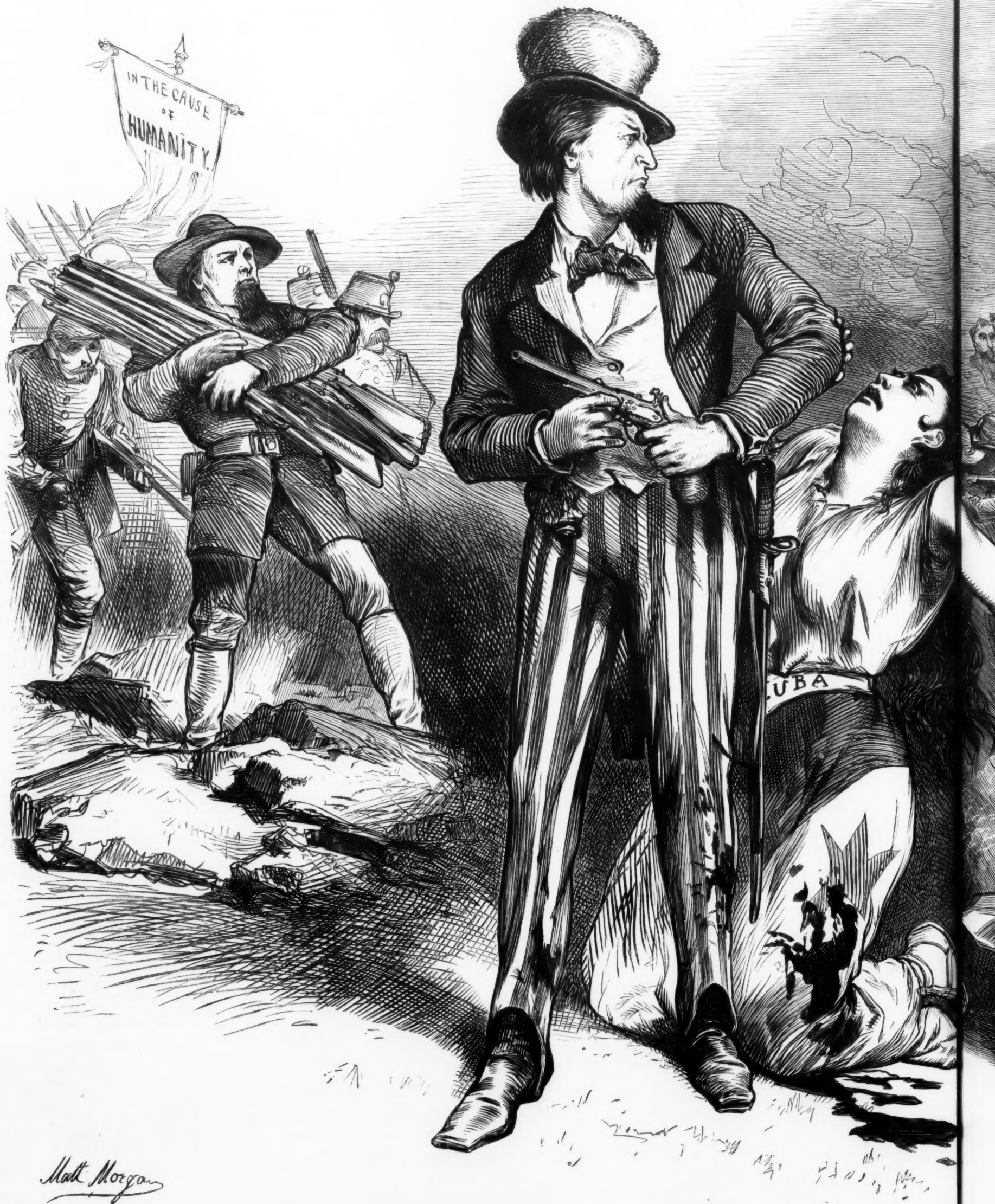
AN EXPERIMENT WITH SAFRANIN.—Safranin is now often employed to impart to silk a rose-red color. If a few particles of the pure dye are placed in a porcelain dish, and one or two drops of concentrated sulphuric acid allowed to fall upon it, and stirred with a glass rod, a most beautiful blue color is produced. On adding a drop or two of water it changes to a brilliant emerald green. By alternately adding a drop of acid or of water nearly all the colors of the rainbow may be produced.

SCIENTIFIC DWELLINGS.—A model village is in course of completion in one of the suburban districts of London, for clerks, artisans, laborers, and others of small means. For the first seventy houses there were two hundred applications. All are built on the most approved sanitary and architectural principles. Schools, a lecture-hall, baths and wash-houses, play and cricket grounds and churches, are provided for. The houses are commodious, and each has a garden. The rent of a house of nine or ten rooms is from \$90 to \$100. The situation is one of the best in London.

PRESERVATION OF NAILS.—Every farmer who has had occasion to drive a nail into seasoned oak posts knows its liability to bend and break. If the point be moistened in the mouth it will usually drive more kindly. Oil is still better. Another point observed is that boards become loose eventually from the rusting of the nails, which, communicating to the wood, causes not only an enlargement of the nail-hole, but the wearing away of the nail itself, rendering the fence or the building shaky and insecure. This may be prevented by heating any rough grease until it smokes, and then pouring it over the nails to be used. The grease will penetrate the pores of the iron, and cause the nails to last, without rusting, an indefinite period. Besides this, no trouble will then be experienced in driving them into the hardest wood.

PURIFICATION OF DRINKING-WATER.—Various applications have been suggested to attain strict purity in drinking-water. In Egypt the water of the Nile is cleansed by rubbing the inside of vessels with bitter almonds; in Barbary the leaves of the *Nerium oleander* are employed for a similar purpose; in India the edges of water-holders are rubbed with the bitter kernel of the edible fruit of the *Stychnos potatorum*, and after a time all foreign substances settle to the bottom, and the water is rendered clear and sweet. Throwing common salt into wells is declared utterly useless; but the addition of tannic acid, especially during epidemics, is productive of excellent results. Filters of gravel, sand, peat, natural and artificial porous stones, wool, felt, cotton, horse-hair, tow, flannel, blotting-paper, and countless other substances, have in ages past been employed for this purpose. Much better than these are wood and peat charcoal, and especially animal charcoal, which was recommended for this purpose by Payen as long ago as 1822. Filters of plastic coal are very convenient. Girardin and Moziere recommended filtering through bone-black to destroy the hardness of water; but Weppen claims that sulphate of lime is not retained by bone-black. Clark purified water that had taken up lead from the lead pipe, by filtering through charcoal, and Kersting also says that water containing lead, after being filtered through charcoal, runs off free from lead.





*Matt Morgan*

#### THE LAST STRAW

CUBA—"Oh, for mercy's sake, Uncle Sam, do stop these butchers from staining my soil with the blood of these poor creatures, who claim your protection."  
UNCLE SAM—"Stop them? Indeed I will! I have stood this long enough. No apology or explanation can atone for this massacre, or this insult to me!"





AW THE CAMEL'S BACK.

Why, look—the very blood has spattered me! I will protect, not only you in the interests of outraged humanity, but my flag from national dishonor."

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, November 23, 1873.



## WALPURGIS NIGHT.

WE waited till the stroke of midnight, pealing  
From out the old church tower,  
Came softly through the silent village stealing,  
And told the mystic hour.  
We hastened through the dewy gardens, finding  
The shadows all awake,  
Following on, in long procession winding  
Down to the dusky lake.  
Up rose the mists, in ghostly ranks advancing,  
To meet us on the shore;  
And o'er the silver waters lightly dancing,  
Our boat away they bore,  
Far up the lake, where the soft moonlight lingers,  
Upon the northern strand,  
And whispering larches, with their long green fingers,  
Beckon us towards the land.  
There on the strand we sat, and heard the singing  
Of Peris in the air;  
The mermaid's laughter o'er the water ringing,  
And Nixie in despair,  
Harping upon his harp in mournful wooing;  
Faint through the rustling trees  
We caught the shouting of the Fauns, pursuing  
The timid Dryades.  
We heard the springs and rivers onward flowing,  
The rush of balmy showers;  
The unknown sound of all the grasses growing,  
The budding of the flowers;  
And soon the fragrant woods took up the story—  
The whole wide earth began  
To welcome in with one grand hymn of glory  
The birthday of old Pan.  
A silence followed; then arose a heyday  
Of wild and lawless mirth;  
The riotous luxuriance of May Day,  
The carnival of earth:  
All Nature frolicked, till the gray dawn, blending  
With the moon's fading light,  
Proclaimed the morn; all the mad revels ending  
Of weird Walpurgis Night.

## TRUST HER NOT.

BY  
JUAN LEWIS,

Author of "The Sorcerer's Victim," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXIV.—THE ABDUCTION.

FIFTY miles inland, not far from the line of a leading railroad, and within half a mile of the local station, embowered amid leafy foliage, where birds in Summer attuned the air to liquid melody all day long, was situated the humble home of Miss Mehetabel Strange.  
Humble, yet cheerful, and sufficiently inviting to make the wearied and city-worn visitant gladden with bright anticipations of restful days to come.  
Not exactly in a pastoral neighborhood, nor yet in a manufacturing or commercial one, yet combining enough of the elements of each to charmingly diversify scenery and landscape.  
Miss Mehetabel had reached home in safety with her party, as she termed Mr. Ashton and Noddy; and had been duly met at the station by her manager—by which phrase she indicated the man-of-all-work—to whom, and his wife, like her father before her, she intrusted the management of her place.  
She had been rapidly driven to the house in her pony-wagon, the cheerful sound of her long-absent voice appearing to stimulate the pony to remarkable efforts by way of expressing a share in the general welcome; had been received at the rustic porch by the good old manageress, with that eager pleasure which long acquaintance and mutual knowledge of well-earned qualities never fails to enhance; had resumed her old rooms and habits, and had comfortably installed her guests where scents of flowers and shrubbery and fields—coming in at doors and windows—gave promising indications of a healthier atmosphere than that from which they had so recently fled.  
Here they had settled down to rest.  
It was four weeks later.  
The days had flown on golden wings since the arrival of the little party; and even Mr. Ashton, whose health had considerably improved, declared to his half-sister one morning, with something like a glow of satisfaction, as one who has made a new discovery—that, really, now it would be quite possible for a person to live half the time in the country. But on being pressed for an acknowledgment as to which half he meant, he had relapsed into his customary moroseness, and responded: "That half which is devoted to sleep."  
As for Noddy, the boy never wearied of the long walks and frequent rides wherein he accompanied Miss Mehetabel about the place, and to the adjoining villages; and to her the child's sage comments—older than his years—and gentle movements, became in their rambles a source of great pleasure.  
And thus the days had passed away.  
It was a lowering, gusty morning, with a chilly feel as of rain in the air.  
The little family had breakfasted, and had dispersed to the several duties or pleasures which demanded or attracted their attention; and the extraordinary energy of Miss Mehetabel was actively engaged in some out-of-door interest, with her manager, in a distant part of the grounds.  
On such occasions it was her custom on damp or dewy mornings to have the pony saddled, and ride through the fields to her point of observation—wherever it might be—while her faithful servant walked by her side, making explanations or offering suggestions in regard to the particular interest involved.  
Whether the matter under consideration had proved more difficult of solution than usual, or had led her further away from the house, it is useless to inquire; but it so happened that she was detained longer; and the village bells in the distance were ringing the hour of twelve, while yet she was half a mile away in the field.  
She had left her manager, and was already on her way homeward, when the sound of the bells induced her to halt the pony on a small knoll of rising ground, near where a huge oak threw its dark shadow down the slope, and listen till the sounds died away.  
Surprised at finding the hour later than she had thought, she was on the point of touching up the pony with a flourish of her rattle, when the swift-moving figure of a man, bearing some burden in his arms, and slinking along in the shadow of the high stone wall that bounded the field, attracted her attention.  
With rein drawn taut, and whip in hand, for a moment she watched this figure keenly.  
She saw the man suddenly pause and gaze about him as if startled, and then rush close to the wall, and, by what seemed quite a muscular feat, throw the burden he carried over it, and, without hesitating an instant, spring lightly up, follow it, and disappear on the other side; whence a moment after

she saw his head reappear—this time with the burden over his shoulder—and speed away at lengthening intervals, which showed the man to be running.  
"That man, whoever he is, is up to some villainy!" declared Miss Mehetabel, looking after him with some little irresolution expressed in her stern face. "What has he been stealing? Grain, perhaps. He came from the direction of the house, and evidently saw me, when he so quickly put the wall between us. Some poverty-stricken villager, probably, who knows me. Let him go with it—I don't want to know him, or any one else mean enough or poor enough to forage on their neighbors' corn-cribs—let him go."  
The words had scarcely passed her lips when they were succeeded by a wild cry.  
A farewell glance had shown her the nature of the man's burden; for he had apparently stumbled as he ran, and falling, sent it flying over his head.  
The arms and figure of a boy were distinctly visible. What boy?—Noddy?  
Miss Mehetabel did not ask the question. Like a flash of lightning from a dark sky the truth had come to her, and found expression in that one cry. She uttered no word—but the pony sprang forward under her touch as if electrified.  
In an instant she was careering down the slope in pursuit, as one might ride in a battle-charge, where the life and death of a nation's honor hung trembling in the scale.  
But she was too late.  
Pent in by hedge and wall, cut off by a sluggish stream that bordered a dense swamp in the adjoining grounds, she was compelled to see the now thoroughly alarmed miscreant, with his burden again on his shoulder, rush across a fallen log that spanned the water, and disappear in the undergrowth—whither, had there been no hedges or fence between, it would have been utterly impossible for her to follow.  
She saw this, and, aroused like a lioness whose lair has been invaded, she wheeled the pony and galloped back to the house—as being the shortest way to the main street; heard there, without slackened rein, the confirmation of Noddy's absence; hurried to the station, telegraphed north and south along the line, and sent all the local authorities she could muster, in the shape of constables and police, on the track.  
Thus much accomplished, she hastened home, got together a half-dozen or more of her immediate neighbors, and led a prompt expedition to the swamp wherein she had seen the man disappear—pointing out the place of crossing and the direction taken.  
The energy of her movements and the rapidity with which the pursuit was commenced made everybody but Miss Mehetabel herself sanguine of success. But as the search went forward, hour after hour, and no trace was found of either man or boy, the searchers grew as silent as Miss Strange had been throughout—for, even to give an occasional order or suggestion, she had scarcely spoken since the pursuit began.  
If her friends and neighbors deemed this a symptom of hopelessness, they were not far wrong.  
From the moment of her first recognition of the boy in the hands of his fleeing captor, the mind of Miss Mehetabel had instantly reverted to the evening of that day of her arrival in the city, when Carrie had taken the boy out with her, and had so nearly lost him; and she doubted not the evil assailant of that night was identical with the perpetrator of the present outrage. So thinking, she felt that a terrible purpose must underlie these repeated attempts to get possession of the child.  
That the man had somehow obtained her address and followed her from the city, she felt certain; and she reasoned that he would be sure to return to it; and the desperation of his former attempt, no less than the boldness of this seizure, convinced her that there, and not here, he must be looked for and captured.  
As she anticipated, the search—though kept up until nightfall—proved wholly without results.  
Thanking her friends for their efforts in her behalf, she dismissed them; and after a hearty supper—as one who prepares for expected fatigue—she drove to the depot, and took the express for the great city.  
Meanwhile, how fares it with Noddy?  
It had been one of the delights of the little fellow, since his arrival in the country, to hunt the hay-mows and corn-ribs for hens' eggs, and come laden and glowing to Miss Mehetabel; and for this purpose he was in the barn, when he saw two fierce eyes and a dreadful face rise from out the hay and look down upon him—as once before he had seen it in the city streets, under the flaring gas-light.  
The little basket he carried fell from his hands, and he would have cried out, but he had no strength nor voice to do so in the terror that was upon him. A cloth was thrown over his head—drawn tight—and he fainted away.  
When next he remembered anything he was being carried on the shoulders of the man along the edge of a stream—the man walking in the water. He made a noise to show that he was awake, and the man whirled him down upon the bank instantly, and stood over him with a knife.  
"Do you know who I am?" he asked, in a fierce whisper, as he clutched the boy's throat. "I know you don't, and I'm going to tell you that I'm your father! And what's more, I'm going to tell you that since you belong to me I shall take you with me if you behave and go along quiet; but if you dare speak out of a whisper, or seek to attract the attention of those who are following me, I'll cut your head from your shoulders!"  
Finding that the child made no reply to this—Bonard, for it was he—lifted him to his old place again, stepped back into the margin of the stream, and went rapidly forward—emerged from the wooded undergrowth close to some hay-ricks in a field, under which he crept, first compelling the boy to precede him.  
It must have been nearly midnight before he ventured to crawl out, and dragged the boy out after him.  
The stars were shining brightly, but there was no moon.  
From a capacious pocket he produced bread and meat, which he ate voraciously—giving some to Noddy; commanding him with a fierce oath to eat and get strength, for thenceforth he had got to walk.  
This done, and the remainder of the provisions stored away, Bonard seized the boy's hand and led him rapidly across the fields, until they struck the railway line; when he took a course southward, walking on the track.  
He went on in this direction—sometimes leading the boy, sometimes carrying him, as his strength failed him in keeping pace with his—until daylight was beginning to glow redly upon the eastern horizon.  
Then he left the track, and made his way to a small outlying barn, into which he forced an entrance, and remained hidden all day.  
That night it proved stormy, and, moving from his concealment at an earlier hour, he returned to the track, and walked all night.  
Through occasional towns and villages, silent and

ghostly, with their painted cottages, in the gloom of the Autumnal weather, he hurried steadily onward; carefully avoiding all observation.  
The next day was a repetition of that which preceded it; and, considerably past midnight of the third day, he entered the suburbs of the city, at the upper terminus of one of its long avenues.  
He was foot-sore and weary, muddy and dirty, and the rough laborer's garb in which, apparently, he had disguised himself for the expedition, was torn and begrimed past all restoration; while poor Noddy's appearance—with his added terror and weakness—was, if possible, still worse.  
Seeking out a carriage standing in a shadowy corner, the better to avoid observation, he placed a liberal fare in the driver's hand, and requested to be driven down town.  
Arrived in the vicinity of Rest Lane, he stopped the vehicle, got out, said good-night to the driver, watched him as he drove away, glanced sharply about him, and, grasping the child's hand more firmly, hurried across the street.  
Finding the boy's fatigue, hunger and drowsiness overcoming him, and his legs failing, he caught him up, and in a minute more turned into Rest Lane.  
He had scarce done so, when he heard a pattering of feet on the pavement.  
One glance behind him, and his own feet quickened to a run. He had seen the dark form of a man, but of whom or what, whether police or citizen, he did not wait to determine. The place he was seeking was close at hand.  
Vulture Isaac's.  
The old, dilapidated building, loomed dark and silent before him; the sunken doorway, with its short flight of steps, lost in its profound obscurity.  
He softly glided in with his burden, and leaned against the door, as intangible to any possible gaze from street or walk as the dense darkness around him.  
He felt the boy's face; his head was hanging on one side.  
"Fainted, again!" he whispered to himself. "So much the better—it may save throttling him."  
The pattering footsteps came on rapidly, and paused on the opposite side of the way; the outlines of the figure dimly discernible to the keen eyes of Bonard.  
It was the unknown man he had once before encountered not far from his present hiding-place.  
CHAPTER XXV.—IN THE VULTURE'S NEST.  
FOR a moment he stood irresolutely gazing up at the windows from the opposite side of the lane, in an attitude of listening; and then made a movement, as if to cross for a closer inspection of the dark entrance, when some noise around the corner of the next street attracted his attention.  
It was a critical moment for Bonard.  
He scarcely breathed, and a cold perspiration broke thickly upon his forehead.  
Would the man cross under his first impulse, or would he turn and go back?  
As the question, quickened by the sense of his impending peril, flashed through his mind, he drew a heavy knife with one hand, while the other closed tightly upon the senseless boy.  
Whether the guardian-angel of the unknown influenced the solution of the question for his preservation, by confirming in his mind the noise he had heard as the escaping footsteps of the one for whom he had evidently been watching, is not, perhaps, improbable. For he turned, and went rapidly back—disappearing around the corner.  
Bonard drew a long breath.  
Feeling cautiously about him in the darkness, he found, and softly pulled, a concealed knob connecting with a muffled bell in the interior.  
He could hear no sound in response, not even the moving of the wire, but his hand was still on the small knob, when the door against which he was leaning opened noiselessly a few inches, and a claw-like hand was laid upon his arm.  
"Wishton!" came in a gruff whisper—half assertion, half inquiry.  
"Hush!—Yes. Let me in, and make all fast; I have succeeded," was the response, in the same tone.  
"Ho!—that is our fortune, then! We are rich. Where is the cub?" with a snarl of fierce delight.  
"Here—but close, and double-lock, quick—for I'm tired to death. Done, eh? Good, so far! You are still keeping dark—doing no business, I suppose? What have you got to eat? I'm hungry as a wolf."  
"Plenty to eat below; I've had no fire or light above-ground since I got out, if that's keeping dark; give me hold of you, and come on. Mind the stairs!"  
With these admonitory words, Mr. Isaac—for it was he—led the way through one or two inner doors and rooms into what appeared a long passage, with so low a ceiling that Bonard had to stoop; whence a short flight of steps brought them into a musty atmosphere of long-disused ale-vaults, passing which, a short turn brought them groping to a longer and narrower flight.  
Leading the way with less cautious and more confident step, the Vulture reached the bottom of the stairs, and threw open a door, where a light was burning.  
A room of moderate size, with plastered stone walls, containing benches and tools, and strongly resembling the workshop of a mechanic, but without windows or door—even that by which they entered—was revealed.  
Coming in from the dense darkness, in which the rest of the building was shrouded, the sudden glare of light had the effect of surprising Bonard, and he started back with an oath.  
"Don't be alarmed," said the Vulture, soothingly. "This is the work-room of my artist—artist in crackmen's tools! You see some of them on the wall. Since we are to work together hereafter, you may as well get acquainted with all the secrets of the place," he added, with a grin and chuckle. "Give me the cub—ho! He looks as if he was already done for," he continued, with some alarm in his tone. "But no, I see, it's only a faint! We must rouse him, and get something hot down him—his own fortune, you know, Wishton."  
"Don't tangle my name around so loosely," growled the other, "and let the boy alone. Open that old wardrobe I see in the corner, and let me chuck the boy in there. Straw and a blanket, eh? So much the better. I won't mind trying such sleeping accommodations myself, shortly. But, something hot for me first, the boy afterward."  
"Ho—all's right, my dear shir," cried Mr. Isaac, cheerfully, as he bustled about, and produced from under one of the benches a jug, cup, spirit-lamp, and large basket of provisions, mostly cooked.  
"I'll heat the liquor for you directly, while you make a beginning on the solids," he declared, lighting the lamp.  
Considerably mollified by the sight of the victuals, and his worthy co-laborer's obliging readiness, the child-stealer fell to and ate ravenously, washing it down with copious draughts of the steaming liquor, which the Vulture soon produced, and placed before him.  
This done, he threw himself with a satisfied yawn upon one of the benches; while the cheerful Mr.

Isaac put away the basket and jug, and cleared up the fragments.  
"You're a great eater, Monsieur Wishton," declared the Vulture, with a reflective shake of the head; "takes much monish to board you."  
Bonard laughed.  
"I can afford it, I think, you old skin-flint," he said. "See here, my cove, when you've been as far as I have, on an expedition such as mine, sleeping under corn-stacks and hay-ricks, tramping through mud and mire and water, more than half the time carrying a dead weight on your shoulder like that boy, why, you'll be a great eater, too; skinnny and dry as you now look."  
"I was only joking, my dear shir."  
"Yes, one of your jokes, all truth and no gammon. Enough of that—where's this artist, as you term him, in crackmen's tools, who made these things?" he added, looking about him.  
"Lagged for three years. He would get drunk, you see, and as the stock on hand was getting large, he had to be provided for. But I shaw him before he went up, and he was game to the last. Business will be better, and he'll keep sober, when he gets out. Look at 'em, they are allowed by the masters of the profession to be the best implements in the trade."  
Thus invited, Bonard examined the tools more narrowly.  
There were jimmies of various sizes and length—some rough and rusty, and others highly polished, and made in joints to screw together; some with ends turned down like an adz; others pointed, and still others made hollow and sharp. There were jack-screws, drills, chisels, skeleton-keys, wire ladders to fold up, gimlets, nippers, ring-wires, picks, screws, leaden mallets, powder-fuses, levers—in short, all the paraphernalia of tools in use by the modern burglar; enough of all sizes, kinds and variety, to inspire a miserable feeling of unsafety in the breast of any timid bond-holder.  
"And so business is dull?" questioned Bonard, after some minutes' silence, as his eyes reverted to Mr. Isaac.  
"Dull? Shay ruined, in his branch of it, for the present. But somebody shall pay for it, be shure," he added—"that woman!"  
"Ah!" cried Bonard, raising his head on one hand, and resting his elbow on the bench on which he had been reclining, while making his survey of the room and burglarious implements. "Ah! now, my gouty ancient, you begin to talk to the purpose! What have you learned since I went away?"  
"Many things—everything!" declared the Vulture, with sudden fierceness. "There is trickery and knavery in high places as well as low. General Inkerman is not dead, nor is that woman in prison. Counselor Hardbind had her share of the ring job dismissed; and she is again at home enjoying herself, as if no such penniless adventurer as Jules Bonard—alias Wishton—ever existed!"  
The words struck home, and the one addressed sprang to his feet, with wild flashing eyes, and breathing heavily, while Mr. Isaac started back apprehensively, yet collectedly, with one hand thrust in his breast.  
"Have a care, my friend," cried Bonard, hoarsely. "I see you do know many things, but perhaps not everything. And the little you have acquired may prove dangerous knowledge, if you assume to threaten."  
"Threaten? You? Not at all! I only threaten that woman! Ho! I know her now. She came about the ring—that ring she gave you to raise monish, you know. She wore her maid's dress and hat, but my eyes are sharp; I see the white hand—the diamonds glisten. Oh, no, says I, my lady. I refuse, as you know, and she goes away. Then you know what follows—arrest, imprisonment and heavy bonds, through Mr. Jiffson—Hardbind's partner—who is my counsel. Ho—the good—good—monish it takes! But I shall revenge. I know her now. She here! Do you mind a certain lady's brooch, in the form of a serpent, with ruby eyes, sold me more than four years ago? I shew you do! Back! Don't look like that, or, by my fatherland, I'll fire upon you—wait! Hear what I shay! Mrs. What-ever-she-calls-herself happened into my place and bought it. I know now its history. I know now the history of that murder, so near here four years ago, and I know now that it was the murdered woman's property. I know now the present whereabouts of the nurse then employed, and what became of the female servant. I know what became of the baby stolen away; and have traced it, step by step—oh! my time has not been wasted during the last few weeks I have been hived up here—as you may shew, Monsieur Bonard! And I tell you what I know, because, as we are to work together now, it is the best to understand each other. I did not tell you this when suggesting the expedition into the country, and giving you the address I had somehow learned from Ashton long ago; I deemed it policy to wait for your return, and hence only gave you to understand that I knew the secret of the boy's relationship, and consequent heirship, to an immense fortune—as well as yourself. But since you have succeeded in securing possession of the cub, it is best, as already said—for our mutual protection and support—that we place full confidence in each other."  
Bonard, who had gradually settled back to his old position on the bench while the last words were being rapidly uttered, looked darkly at the speaker, as if the phrase, "protection and support," gave rise to some doubts regarding the "mutual" part of Mr. Isaac's proposition.  
He then allowed his glance to drift around the room inquiringly, beginning at the door and following the line of wall until it came back to it.  
The anxiety and nervous apprehension in this glance did not escape the notice of the Vulture.  
"I hated to recall these things to you now," he remarked, soothingly; "at a time when you are so worn and tired—but it is better to have it over with; and here you are perfectly shafe!"  
"Safe! Probably I am," was the response; "since the discovery by the police of this excellent workshop, and its rare assortment of burglarious hardware, is an event you are likely to keep as far in the future as possible—I can, no doubt, trust you. But might not that fellow you have employed squeal when he finds his nose sharpening on the judicial grindstone? or isn't it possible that since the ring affair your movements and the place have been watched?"  
The worthy Mr. Isaac looked startled.  
"No"—he said—"no, to both suppositions. But it suggests another question—Have you been followed in coming here with the boy?"  
"Followed? Decidedly not. I have planned and conducted the matter too skillfully for that. The results you can see in the boy, and on my muddy and torn clothes—but let me give you the particulars, since you're interested, in these words."  
And rising to a sitting posture, he briefly recounted, what the reader already knows in substance, of the abduction of Noddy.  
"Of course, I propose to remain here until we are ready for the next move," he added, in conclusion; "and while I admire the secrecy of the sub-cellar, located, as I perceive, under storage vaults, and impervious to all sound, I would like to know how we are to escape from it, in case either



of us should be tracked here; for though such an event is improbable, it is not impossible, and a line of retreat should be provided."

Mr. Isaac brightened exceedingly. "I like your caution, Bonard," he said, with a hideous smile. "But it can hardly surpass my precaution. Look here."

He took a step towards one corner of the room, and pointed to a stout rope which appeared suspended from the ceiling, at the end of which hung a small iron ring within easy reach.

"You see that rope and ring? Take hold of him with me. You seem to doubt me little while back, now look what I show you. Cautious, or it will fly out of your hands! Ready!"

"They bore their weight upon the rope, and as they did so, a portion of the ceiling through which it passed flew up, disclosing a dark, well-like shaft, up which the rope began to ascend rapidly. It took them both off their feet, and but for the precaution of Mr. Isaac, who had placed one foot in a clamp secured to the wall, it would have taken them up. It was only by a united effort that they were able to draw it down again. Then the trap in the ceiling returned to its place, and held the rope fast."

"Capital!" cried Bonard, exultingly, divining its use at once. "You may well term your man an artist at crackmen's tools, if this is a specimen of his skill! Regular clock-work, I'll be bound, with wheel and weight in the attic! But where does it land you?"

"On the second floor, whence a blind window takes you into the next house, which has long been empty, and once there, escape is only a matter of your convenience. No place like it, you see, for this business. But I never expect to use it," he added, going towards the wardrobe, in which poor Noddy had been placed on the straw.

He opened the door.

The child was on his knees, his thin face upturned imploringly.

"Come, boy, get up and come out," he said, leaning down upon him in a manner that made the child tremble.

"Yes, Noddy! Auntie Bell's in a carriage outside—come!" cried another voice—and a cheery one—that of Doctor Raine!"

The boy recognized it with a shout of delight, for with the words the door was burst open, and there came a rush of heavy feet on the staircase—a vigorous detachment of police!

The Vulture gave one glance in that direction—saw detection certain and capture pending, and with a yell of rage and terror, rushed towards the rope.

Too late for his purpose.

Bonard was there before him.

One bound from the bench at the first sound of the doctor's voice, who led the police, and the agile miscreant had caught the ring, the trap in the ceiling flew up, the rope ascended, and he disappeared, striking the Vulture with his foot, who sought to stay him, senseless to the floor.

The police hurried to the upper portion of the building, but could find no trace until too late.

Bonard had escaped.

But the crafty Vulture Isaac was enmeshed in a web of his own weaving.

(To be continued.)

## LIGHT THROUGH NIGHT.

### TWO THANKSGIVING PICTURES.

TWO persons stood hand-in-hand beneath the bat-like shadows of the railway depot in the city of R—. Porters were yelling, hackmen swarming like Egyptian locusts, small boys intoning the "mawhning papahs," and people rushing hither and yon in the usual distracting fashion, but there was that in the souls of these two that rendered them deaf and blind to all but the swift-fleeting moments that were cutting with lightning rapidity in the narrow thread of time stretched between them and parting.

"If, like God-bidden Joshua, I could command the sun and moon to stand still, time should never advance another moment until it had spelled for us eternity," said the man, bending toward his companion as if there were a magnetism in her slight form, while his unconscious grasp tightened upon the soft hand he held in his. "The hours we have passed together have been so sweet, that now, when parting nears us, I feel a regret akin to that one feels when death has played the robber, and memory reproaches the heart for the kisses our lips might have won from the dear dead face and did not. Oh, Haidee!—my Haidee, yet not mine—how shall I live without you?"

"Don't, Hall! don't rob me of the little courage I have," pleaded she whom he addressed, looking up to him with eyes purple-deep with agony. "Will you not help me to hope, darling?"

"Hope!"

"Worse than despair. Worse than the bitterness of death is hope. It is the only ill which can find place Upon the giddy, sharp, and narrow hour Tottering beneath us."

We have nothing to hang a hope on save Death, and that may lay its cold kiss on your lips first."

"Yet, Hall, Death cannot rob us of the past. Life were worth living for but one hour of love as perfect as ours. Should the future be all night, this star must still shine on, and there is something in my heart springing from the anguish of this hour that bids me hope. Heaven is above all yet."

"I wish I could feel a little of your faith, sweet love, but heaven taxes not her ministering angels to sweeten the embittered waters surging in an actor's heart. Had its mercy found fewer representative saints on earth, you would not have been sacrificed upon the altar of parental will, and the cup which now I drain to the lees might have passed from me."

"Great God! do you not see that I am tempted almost beyond my strength? Can you not see, Harry, that to descend into the very jaws of Hades in your arms were easier than to go from you and back to the loathsome bondage wherein I die daily?"

"Forgive me, dearest. My bitter rebellion against the fate that separates us makes me cruel. I love you as men love only once in life. Could I bear the penalty alone, not all the tortures of the damned should tear you from my arms; but it may not be, and I give you back to the chains your lady-mother forged for your wearing. She has yet to learn that, worthless as they may otherwise be, actors have hearts and honor—things most rare in aristocratic circles."

The train comes clanging into the depot, and the engine, hissing and belching forth its hot breath, seems the realization of some dream-distorted Nemesis to the two whom its hoarse signal strikes with sudden dumbness. Mechanically the man leads the way to a compartment in the drawing-room car, and lingers there, holding fast the two cold hands, and looking steadfastly into the pain-darkened eyes of the woman he loves, while a whitish-blue circle crept stealthily around beneath

the silky black mustache, and every feature grew quick with a mighty passion. The bell rung; the conductor's shrill "All aboard!" smote the damp, chill air; then came one convulsive embrace, one clinging kiss, and, with something like a groan bursting from his pallid lips, the man stepped out upon the wet platform, and the huge leviathan moved with giant throes of imprisoned power swiftly over its steel-defined track. The great raindrops splashed against the windows, spending themselves in fruitless effort to penetrate the unfeeling glass; and the lone traveler looked out upon the drenched and sad-hued earth, longing, with a reasonless longing, to lie out among the dank, dead daisies, where the wild winds wailed a piteous dirge, and the melancholy November sky wept cold and ceaseless tears.

On, on sped the belching monster past clustering villages, with their cozy white houses and hospitable roof-trees—past ambitious towns, with their brusque masonry and many-tongued factories—past solid, thriving cities, teeming with misery and gayety, and carrying millions of attic population upon their towering shoulders; but to the woman whose very soul was riven by tearless sobs, all time, all distance, all circumstance was swallowed up in the consuming woe of a living sorrow. Night came on, and the sun, like a bridegroom that leaves reluctantly his fair young bride, came back for one short moment to kiss the tears from the face of the disconsolate earth, in mourning for the departing glory of her bridal favors, and then

"The darkness  
Fell from the wing of Night  
Like a feather wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight."

Just as the street-lamps blazed into sudden procession, and the plate-glass store-fronts resolved themselves into kaleidoscopic brilliance, the train thundered into the mammoth Central Depot of bustling, insouciant New York, and stopped, shrieking with the malice of a Quilp, into the confused ears of the debarking passengers. An elegant private carriage stood in waiting at one of the entrances, into which the weary-hearted woman stepped, and was driven rapidly to one of the palatial residences in the neighborhood of the park. Something like a shudder convulsed her slight frame as she passed over the threshold of the gilded prison she called home, but it passed unnoticed by the soft-voiced, soft-footed servant who came to relieve her of her wraps.

"How is your master to-night, James?" she asked.

"Quite comfortable, madame."

"Give me your key. I will go up to see him immediately."

"If I might presume to advise madame, I should beg she should rest first. Master is very excitable of late, and madame is not strong."

"I will go up, James. I am not more weary than usual," and with a step that spoke sadly for the usual state of her mind and body, the lady went up the broad oaken stairway.

The room to which she proceeded was situated at the end of a corridor upon the first floor, and as she drew aside the silken hangings that concealed the doorway, there came a gleam of iron bars, then a rattling of chains, and the doors swung slowly upon its hinges. The interior of the room was padded. An oaken bedstead, with grated cover, stood at one side; a strong but comfortable easy-chair was bolted to the tiled floor; and swinging-lamp, high overhead, shed ghastly brilliancy over all. As the mistress of the mansion stepped quickly in, clanging the door shut behind her, a noise something between a snarl and a growl greeted her, and a being, half-human, wholly bestial, spat at her from the easy-chair.

It was her lord and master's welcome; for to this epileptic, maniacal idiot Mammon had sold her ere yet absinth had accomplished its courted mission. Oh, Love, thou wert indeed honor to fling thy pearl back into the filthy wallowings of such a swine. She only said:

"I am weary, weary,  
O God, that I were dead!"

ONE year "rolled down the ringing grooves of time," and another Thanksgiving, appointed by the President for God's acceptance, dawned on chilled humanity. The bells of old Trinity chime out their invitation to praise; the organ yields its grandest power to impregnate the vibrate air with worshipful ecstasy; silently, like phantoms of a spectre hour, the congregation file into accustomed places.

Not far from the entrance, a man with bent knee and bowed head wonders, with still-born wonder, why he is there and why he kneels in a mockery of thanksgiving, while his heart is quivering with a voiceless prayer for mercy. What had he to be thankful for, since all that made life sweet was barred from him and crucified in the flesh?

"My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" he groaned in bitterness of spirit, and God looking deep into man's darkened soul, said to this ministering spirit: "Let there be light."

A figure "trailing the sable garments of the night" came noiselessly up the aisle and knelt with solemn stillness close beside the bowed and lonely man. A little hand stole tremulously into his, and flashing the splendor of his great dark eyes upon the black-robed kneeler, he met the liquid radiance of blue orbs that were to him the dearest mirrors man ever saw his love reflected in.

"Haidee! mine?" he whispered, half assuredly, half interrogatively.

"Yours at last, my Harry!" she answered low, while all her face grew luminous with woman's devotion purified by fire.

"Great God, I thank thee. Thy mercy endureth for ever!" trembled from lips but a moment gone tremulous with despair, and mingling with the organ's mighty voice rolled up to the Jasper Throne.

Death had rolled the stone away from the door of a sepulchred hope, and two souls throbbed with tumultuous joy through the breaking of "Light through Night."

## A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S torpedo-boat, which has been under construction at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for more than a year, was launched on Wednesday, November 12th, in the presence of a large company of naval officers, including Admiral Porter. She is built wholly of iron, is 170 feet long, 28 feet beam, 12 feet hold, and weighs 527,000 pounds without machinery. She is built in compartments, with a double bottom, and pumps and valves so arranged as to settle her in the water to the level of her deck. A torpedo spar projects from the bow on a line with the keel, and three similar spars are at either side. In the construction of the boat, strength and speed were chiefly held in view. She can also be used as a ram. The torpedoes are to be attached to the side of an enemy's ship, and exploded by electricity. She is to have the new Fowler paddle-wheel in the stern, which will enable her to turn in her own length.

## PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

The iron-clad navy of the United States numbers 51 vessels, carrying 127 guns.

The frigate *Brooklyn*, at the Boston Navy Yard, is being hurriedly prepared for active service.

The sloop of war *Kansas* sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard on Friday, the 14th, under sealed orders.

The Secretary of War reports that the forts on the Southern coast are, with one or two exceptions, in first-class condition.

All possible rapidity is ordered in completing the outfit of the *Tennessee*, now lying at the foot of East Ninth Street, New York.

The screw steamer *Canandaigua* will be dispatched from the Philadelphia Navy Yard for Cuban waters in a few days.

The monitors *Wyandotte* and *Nahant*, now undergoing repairs at Chester, Pa., will be ready for active service early in December.

The sum of \$230,000 was forwarded to Norfolk, Va., on the 14th, to prevent any delay in fitting out the available vessels at that station.

The monitor *Ranoke*, six guns, is lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, partially dismantled. She can be made ready for sea in a month.

The screw frigate *Franklin*, at the Boston Navy Yard, can be put into commission in 30 days. She carries 50 guns of the heaviest calibre.

All the sailors on board the receiving-ship *Sabine* at Portsmouth, N. H., were sent to New York for immediate and active service.

The *Junata*, which recently returned from the *Polaris* search, sails for Cuba this week, carrying six 9-inch, one 11-inch and one 60-pound gun.

There are 92 vessels in the United States Navy, according to the last register, and nearly three-fourths of the number are cruising in foreign waters.

It is expected that the *Pouchatan* will be ordered to Philadelphia to tow the monitors *Manhattan* and *Mahopac*, now ready for sea, to the South Atlantic.

The Secretary of War has given orders for the immediate repair of the quarters at Fort Jefferson, off the coast of Florida, which were damaged materially by the recent storm.

A LATE report from the officer in charge of the ironclads at New Orleans says that, considering they have been laid up so long, they are in first-rate condition, and fully equal to any of the same class of vessels laid up in northern ports.

ADMIRAL PORTER places great reliance on our torpedo-boat system, and says he has no doubt but that "our boys would undertake the capture of Havana even if they had to tie the torpedoes on the ends of logs and paddle themselves across the Florida Channel."

## GENTEEL ROGUE.

A UNITED STATES OFFICER said last week that the Government would not dare go to war on account of the Cuban butchery, through fear of exposing its insolvency.

STEPHEN P. WARDWELL, cashier of the Commercial National Bank of Providence, R. I., has confessed to a defalcation of \$45,000. The money was lost some years since in a speculation.

On Monday, November 10th, it was announced that Henry D. Lowe, aged 28, Cashier of the Security Bank of New York City, had appropriated \$25,000 in current deposits. He is still at large.

GEORGE A. WILKINS, charged with embezzlement while Postmaster at El Dorado, Ark., was taken to Court, in Leominster, Mass., and, in default of \$1,000 bail, committed to await trial.

It was reported that the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company was practically bankrupt, being unable to pay the dividends guaranteed to leased roads and those due to holders of original stock.

ALDERMAN CICALIA, who, during the illness of the Mayor of Memphis, Tenn., filled that position, has been indicted for swindling the Relief Committee out of rations intended for fever sufferers.

THE CASE of Courtland A. Sprague, the alleged defaulting Treasurer of Brooklyn, N. Y., was called last week, and postponed to December 8th. His deputy, Mr. Rodman, will appear against him.

It is rumored that the late County Treasurer of Monroe County, N. Y., G. M. Deming, is short about \$50,000. He claims an error in his books, and says his accounts are correct. Experts are now examining the books.

EX-GOVERNOR JAMES, of Nebraska, has been indicted for theft, the charges against him being that he appropriated \$3,000 of the State funds when Governor, and also the proceeds of sales of stone from the old Insane Asylum.

J. J. PAUL, a messenger of the Adams Express Company, has been arrested at St. Louis for robbing the Company. Two thousand dollars were found on his person. It is supposed that \$3,000 or \$4,000 more have been taken.

GEORGE F. DUNNING, who, while Superintendent of the United States Sub-Treasury in New York City, obtained money from the United States Treasury by means of false vouchers, and was convicted and sentenced for that crime, has been pardoned by President Grant.

A SHERIFF levied on the entire rolling stock and office furniture of the New York, Kingston and Syracuse Railroad Company, on the 13th, to satisfy three judgments against them amounting to \$115,000, two in favor of the Spuyten Duyvil Rolling Mill Company, and one in favor of E. Caylus and others.

MR. WHALEN, a contractor of Newark, N. J., is heavily in debt to his laborers and various boardinghouse-keepers. On Wednesday, November 12th, the City Treasurer refused payment of a warrant for \$2,466.75, but the Controller gave him temporary loan bonds for the amount, since when he has been missing.

T. F. BROOKS, late President of the Merchants' National Bank of Petersburg, Va., was taken to Richmond, on the 13th, and arraigned before a United States Commissioner on a charge of embezzling and appropriating to his own use \$100,000 of the funds of the bank with fraudulent intent. He was held in \$15,000 to appear for examination.

It has recently come to light that an over-issue of county loan bonds was made during 1868 and 1870 by the City Treasurer of Rochester, N. Y., to the amount of \$28,000. The bonds charged on the Treasurer's books as having been paid were never issued. Harvey P. Langworthy, City Treasurer from 1865 to 1870, was arrested on the 13th, and gave bail in the sum of \$30,000 for his appearance.

APPLICATION was made to Judge Barrett, New York City, for an order to compel Daniel Drew to apply \$30,000 held by him, the property of a Mrs. Everett, to the payment of a judgment for \$100,000, which Messrs. Tiffany & Co. have secured against Mrs. Everett. The indebtedness was for jewelry purchased. The order was refused, but one prohibiting Mr. Drew from disposing of the money until the Court so directs was granted.

## THE PANIC'S SILVER LINING.

At Burnside, Conn., the paper mills are running on as usual.

ALL the cotton mills in Columbia, Ga., except the Muscogee, are running as usual.

A LARGE number of New England manufacturing establishments are now running on full time.

THE coal-miners of Pittsburgh, Pa., have resumed work at a reduction of ten per cent. in wages.

THE tack mill at Assonet, Mass., is not only running full time, but extra until nine in the evening.

THE firms of Fisk & Hatch, E. D. Randolph & Co., and Howes & Macy, announce their early resumption.

In both London and Paris there has been an encouraging recovery in the price of American securities.

THE First National Bank of Washington is paying 30 cents on the dollar to depositors who have proven their accounts.

MORE yards of goods were produced at the cotton factory of Hallowell, Me., week before last, than ever before in a single week.

GREENLEAF, NORRIS & Co., of New York City, have paid in full all claims against the firm, and will resume business in a few days.

A STRIKE of the journeymen tailors of New York was happily averted by a mutual agreement to a reduction of 5 per cent. on wages.

THE Department of Docks, unwilling to discharge competent workmen, have sent to Riverside Park all not provided for in Central Park.

A PROPOSITION was made to the Common Council of Brooklyn, N. Y., that a "Labor Relief Fund" of \$100,000 be immediately authorized.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., considers that her grocery business is promising, and trade with the interior is much larger than it has ever been before.

THE Keene Granite Company, which has a five years' contract on the new Capitol at Albany, N. Y., have increased the number of workmen to 375.

THE Isabella Furnace Company, near Titusville, Pa., has ordered the erection of forty additional coke ovens. The company now runs over 200 ovens.

THE clergymen of Newark, N. J., with a layman from each church, are preparing to relieve all cases of destitution that may be reported during the Winter.

At Bristol, R. I., the Rubber Works, Sugar House and Richmond Mill still continue running full time, and the Reynolds Mill will start in one week on half-time.

THE Vassalborough (Me.) Mills Company does not appear to be affected by the existing panic. It is turning out woolen goods at the rate of 2,000 yards per day.

At Paterson, N. J., members of the Board of Trade, Clergymen, and Aldermen, met in joint session on the 10th, to adopt plans for the relief of unemployed persons.

ALL the factories at Mattewan, N. Y., the Titus Woolen Mill at Manchester, Bradbury's Paper Mill, and Garner & Co.'s establishment at Pleasant Valley, are running again.

THE great Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Mass., are running all their mills at full time, and on the old scale of wages. They are determined to continue to do so throughout the Winter.

A DELEGATION of citizens of East New York waited upon the Commissioners of City Works and asked that water be introduced into that section of the city. This will give work to 1,000 men if done.

L. BOYDEN & Co., Miller, McCulloch & Ober, Bannister & Tichenor, all manufacturers of boots and shoes, Newark, N. J., are employing full force, and promise no "cutting down" during the Winter.

THE Taunton (Mass.) Foundry and Machine Company is not running on short time, as was reported, and the proprietors have no intention of running on short time, having on hand at present two months' work.

S. M. GRIFFIN & Co., of Concord, N. H., are replacing their carriage factory, destroyed by fire, with a fine three-story brick building considerably larger than their former establishment. As soon as it is finished they will resume business.

WHITNEY & BROTHERS' bottle-glass works, and Warrick & Stranger's window-glass works, at Glassborough, N. Y., are still running on full time and without reduction of wages. The firms employ either directly or indirectly about 1,000 hands.

FIVE HUNDRED laborers were set to work, November 13th, by the Brooklyn Board of City Works, upon repairs in the various streets, in accordance with the action of the Common Council Committee in making provision for the transfer of other accounts to that of "street repairs."

By offering to dispose of their immense stock at cost for cash, H. B. Claflin & Co. have taken a step that will bring vast sums of money to New York. Lord & Taylor, A. T. Stewart & Co., Peake, Opdycke & Co., and other firms, have adopted the same course, and drygoods were never so cheap as now.

BUSINESS in Portland, Me., is in an excellent condition. Few manufactories are reducing time, and those generally do so at this time of year. The Portland Company Locomotive Works has orders three months ahead. The shipping interests are better than for many years. The freighting business in every class of vessels promises excellent returns. Every shipyard is busy, and several new orders have within a few days been received by the shipbuilders.

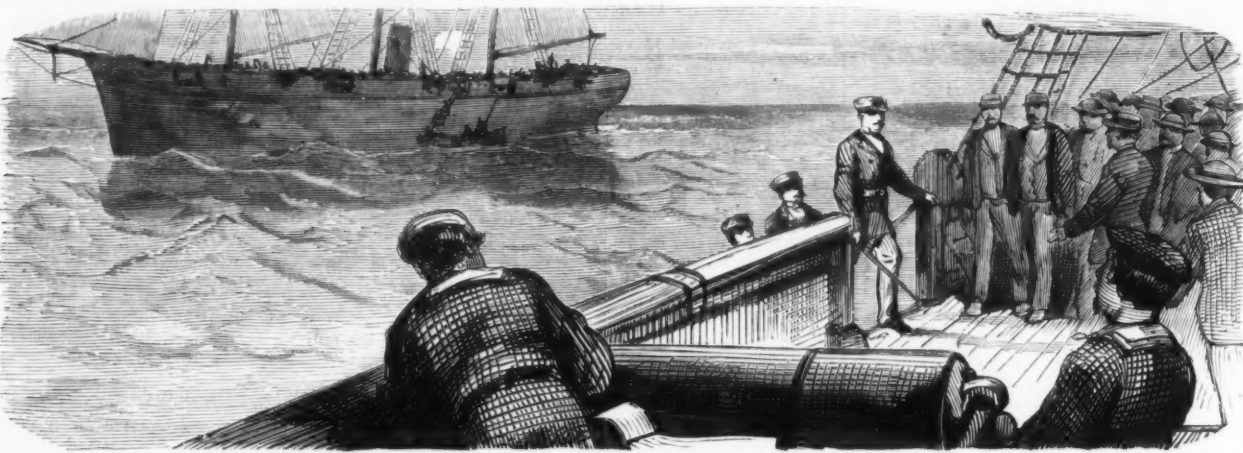
THE Cocheco (N. H.) Manufacturing Company has issued a circular to its Dover operatives stating that although "the times are out of joint," and the company can purchase goods for printing at considerably less rates than they themselves can manufacture, still they propose to stand by their help, keep their mills running on full time, pay the usual wages, and only ask the operatives that they practice the strictest economy in their work, so that the loss, if any, may be reduced to a minimum.

AMONG the large establishments in New England that have made no reduction either in wages, force or hours, are the Ames Plow Company; the Rice, Barton & Fales Iron and Machine Company; Samuel Winslow, skate manufacturer; F. Wesson, rifle and pistol manufacturer; J. N. Keyes, box and molding manufacturer; Wetherby, Rugz & Richardson, wood-working machinery manufacturers; the Gilbert Loom Works; William F. Merrifield, planing-mill and box-shop; Hill, Devos & Co., envelope manufacturers; L. J. Knowles & Brother, loom manufacturers; S. R. Heywood & Co., boot manufacturers; and John Whitman & Co., reed manufacturers.





THE SPANISH STEAMER "TORNADO" CHASING THE AMERICAN STEAMER "VIRGINUS" FROM THE HIGH SEAS TOWARDS JAMAICAN WATERS, ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 3<sup>RD</sup>, AND BRINGING HER TO WITH A SHELL.



THE BOATS OF THE "TORNADO" BOARDING THE "VIRGINUS."



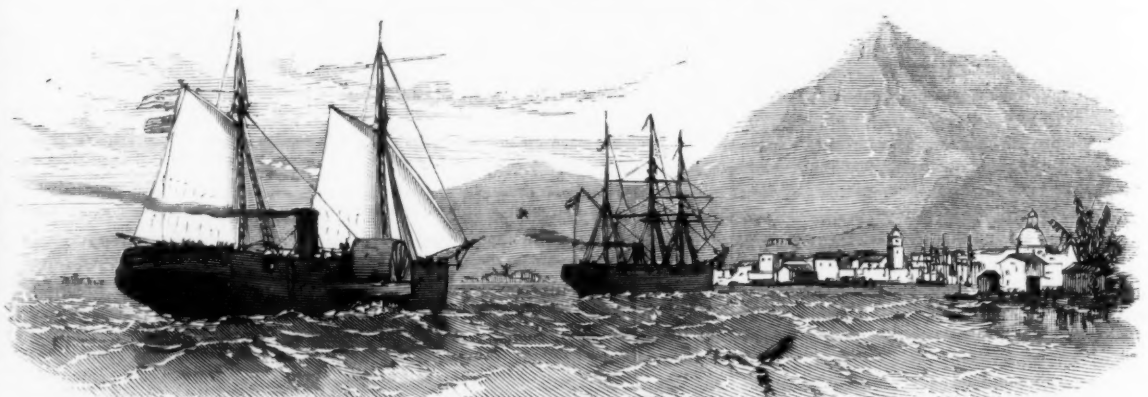
CAPTAIN FRY, OF THE "VIRGINUS," SHOWING HIS REGULAR PAPERS TO THE SPANISH COMMANDER.



SPANIARDS HAULING DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG FROM THE "VIRGINUS."



SPANIARDS TRANSFERRING PRISONERS FROM THE "VIRGINUS" TO THE "TORNADO."



THE "TORNADO" LEADING THE "VIRGINUS" INTO THE HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.



THE SPANISH MARINES AND VOLUNTEERS CONDUCTING THE CONDEMNED CREW OF THE "VIRGINUS" TO THE SANTIAGO JAIL.  
THE SPANISH OUTRAGE.—CHASE AND CAPTURE OF THE AMERICAN SHIP "VIRGINUS."—FROM SKETCHES BY MATTHEWS.



# THE SPANISH BUTCHERY.

FROM THE "VIRGINIUS" TO THE SLAUGHTER HOUSE AT SANTIAGO.

WHEN we wrote last week of the murder by the Spanish forces of General Ryan and his three Cuban companions, we did not dream that in this Number we would be called upon to supplement the horrid story with a recital of still other fiendish atrocities. No one imagined for an instant that the crimson tide which splashed up against the wall of the slaughter-house in Santiago de Cuba, when the four brave men fell, would swell into a sea of blood. But it has. Hardly had the storm of excitement in New York, and throughout the country, sunk into a murmurous expression of indignation, than there arrived, on the afternoon of last Wednesday, dispatches from Havana, which first stupefied, then startled, and finally drove men wild with rage, at the dastardly, cowardly, and wholesale assassination of forty-nine more of the crew and passengers of the ill-starred *Virginus*, a meagre account of which they contained. The first four victims were slaughtered on the morning of the 4th of November. On the 7th inst., the captain, Joseph Fry, together with thirty-six of the captured crew, were led out and shot; and on the next day—the 8th inst.—twelve more of the prisoners were assassinated. Then there was a lull in the death-rattle of the Spanish musketry, and bad as it was, we hoped it had reached its worst. But there appears to be no limit to the ferocity of these Spanish brutes. Having once tasted blood, they were as eager for more as is the man-eater of the jungle. On last Friday afternoon a third black-edged dispatch arrived. "Fifty-seven more of the *Virginus* captives were shot on the 10th inst!" So it read. The public excitement ran higher than any point it had reached before.

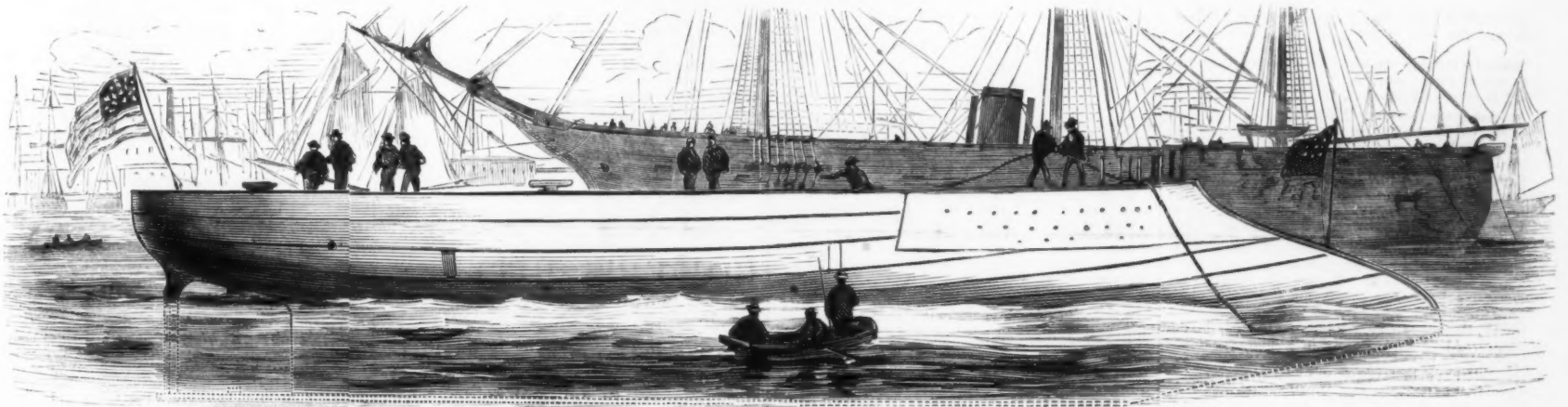
So far as the voice of the street goes, it is for war and vengeance. The Cabinet was in session at Washington when the news of the additional slaughter came to hand. We are told that the outrage was viewed with horror by all, and that the United States may be expected to take some decisive action. In the meantime there is a stir in our Navy Yards, and an activity at the recruiting offices for "blue-jackets. No one can tell what the end will be.

It is not our province here to reproduce at any great length the dismal story, which has already been made familiar to our readers through the columns of the Daily Press. It is only necessary to state that one among the number murdered was Señor Franchi Allaro, who offered the officials \$1,000,000 to spare his life; and that the captain and crew were shot in the public square by a file of marines, while the others were shot in front of the slaughter-house wall.

But as a full and authentic account of the cap-



MISS LOULA WILKERSON, A HEROINE OF THE MEMPHIS YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOYRTON.—SEE PAGE 206.



ADMIRAL PORTER'S NEW TORPEDO-BOAT RECENTLY LAUNCHED AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.—SEE PAGE 203.

ture of the *Virginus*, and the subsequent fate of General Ryan and his three companions in death, has been received since our last issue, it has been considered well to reproduce it, embellished with a series of graphic illustrations.

It was on the 24th day of October that the *Virginus* steamed out of Kingston harbor, Jamaica. The first intention was to sail direct for the shores of Cuba, but a damage to the machinery necessitated a stoppage at Port-au-Prince, Hayti. This island the expedition left on the 30th ult., and turned the prow of the *Virginus* for Cuba. On that same day the Spanish consul at Kingston advised the governor at Santiago that the *Virginus* was in the neighborhood of Marrant Bay, Jamaica. Governor Burriel immediately ordered the commander of the *Tornado*, Costilla, who had reached the port that morning, to sail in quest of her. Four hours later the *Tornado* left Santiago on her mission. On the next day, the 31st, the *Virginus* was sighted, the *Tornado* being under full sail and with little steam on, as her engine was being repaired. The *Virginus* did not alter her course, the theory being that she mistook the enemy for an ordinary sailing-vessel. But the mistake was soon discovered. At two o'clock in the afternoon the *Tornado's* engineer announced that his repairs were completed, and almost immediately the chase began, the vessel heading for the *Virginus* under full steam, and at a rate of speed which averaged fourteen knots an hour. Simultaneously the *Virginus*, apprehending the mistake into which it had fallen, started to make a run for Jamaica.

Most unfortunately she had run out of coal, although how such an error should have been committed seems marvelous. But as life and death depended upon not being overtaken, no exertion was spared to reach the protection of the British waters. To facilitate her movements, petroleum, grease, fat, and a large quantity of hams, taken from the provision stores, were thrown into the furnaces. But this very temporary advantage that she gained by such means proved her doom in the end. Night came down upon the chase, but not the darkness so much desired by those on board the *Virginus*. The moon sailed up into the heavens, like a radiant silver boat riding upon a deep blue sea, and produced that peculiarly brilliant illumination which can be witnessed nowhere else than in the tropics. It was a charming sight, but the funeral pall of the storm-cloud and the hoarse howl of the tempest would have been more preferable to those on board the chased vessel. As it was, the slender, slanting masts of the *Virginus*, her snowy canvas, and the dense black plume of smoke that trailed behind her, were all but too plainly visible to the man at the *Tornado's* wheel. On went the chase, over the phosphorescent waves that lapped musically against the sides of pursuer and pursued, and broke into a diamond-tinted foam at their prows. It was evident at last that the *Tornado* was slowly gaining ground, and as a



A. E. FRANKLAND, A HERO OF THE MEMPHIS YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOYRTON.—SEE PAGE 206.

final expedient, the crew of the *Virginus* began to throw over horses, arms, and cargo, to the extent of seven horses, two thousand Remington rifles, a mitrailleuse, and a quantity of powder and small arms.

But all was of no avail. The *Tornado* came steadily on until she was within gun-shot, and then she suddenly yawed, while a flash leaped from her bow, and a puff of white smoke floated slowly upward. There was no mistaking the import of the tone with which the gun spoke; but, nothing daunted, the *Virginus* kept on her way, hoping yet to reach the waters of Jamaica. Then came three other flashes, three other reports, and a shell that went screaming across the deck. The *Virginus* rounded to, and signaled her surrender. Two armed boats left the *Tornado*, came alongside, and, taking possession of the vessel, made all on board prisoners.

At the exact moment the *Tornado's* men clamored over the side, the Stars and Stripes were flying at the masthead. But no sooner did the Spanish heel touch the deck, than the officer in charge gave orders to have the flag lowered, which was done, while the Spanish ensign was run up in its stead. This was accomplished notwithstanding the fact that the captain of the *Virginus* presented papers to the Spaniard which clearly demonstrated that the *Virginus* had been duly cleared for Colon.

It seems almost certain that the capture was made in British waters, and within a league of the coast of Jamaica. But the exact locale varies according to different accounts. One gives the capture as having been effected at twenty miles from Jamaica, and the official account states twelve miles. The *Diario* states at twenty-three miles, journals of Santiago de Cuba eight miles and twenty miles, and the version of the *Voz de Cuba* twelve miles. The commander of the *Tornado* publicly stated in Santiago de Cuba that in one hour more the *Virginus* would have saved herself by entering some port in Jamaica.

The scene presented upon the deck of the vessel immediately after the taking must have been an impressive one. We can very readily picture the despondent and yet heroic passengers and crew coming up, one by one, for inspection under the glare of the battle-lantern, and can easily imagine the swagger and jingling bravado of the pompous captors. Two hours were consumed in this business, and in the transferring of the prisoners to the *Tornado*. When both tasks were accomplished, by which time it was midnight, the two vessels started for Santiago de Cuba, arriving there the following afternoon, at five o'clock. This fact alone of seventeen hours' steaming would tend to prove that they were at a considerable distance from Cuba and very near Jamaica, as the distance between the two islands is not much above 100 miles.

As soon as the *Tornado* and her prize arrived in port, the news of the capture spread like a prairie-

fire. A continuous crowd of citizens came down to the levee to gaze upon the *Virginus*. Public dignitaries and all the military authorities hastened to congratulate Burriel, the governor. The government palace and all the public buildings were illuminated. In the evening, Burriel gave a grand reception. The bay was alive with music and blatant with the songs of the Volunteers, who crowded its waters in gayly festooned boats. Santiago de Cuba broke out everywhere with an eruption of bunting and Chinese lanterns, and became drunk with joy.

On the following day (the 2d) a court-martial was held on board the *Tornado*. It began at nine and ended at four o'clock. The sweeping charge was that of piracy, and, as might naturally be anticipated, there were no acquittals. Ryan, Varona, Cespedes and Del Sol were sentenced to death, and were shot the next morning. The rest of the prisoners were escorted to the city jail by a force of one hundred volunteers and a file of marines.

Then followed, as we have mentioned, the trial, (?) conviction and shooting of the one hundred and six others. The news of the butchery was received in Havana with the most profuse demonstrations of delight. Serenades were tendered the Captain-General, and the city put on its most brilliant costume and its sweetest smile.

## SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

The city of Santiago de Cuba, the theatre of the recent drama of bloody vengeance, is the second city of the "Queen of the Antilles." Formerly it was the capital of the island, but it paled its ineffectual fires before the rising effulgence of Havana. In 1853, when the last census was taken, its population was 25,000. Situated upon the Santiago River, six miles only from the mouth, and near the eastern extremity of the south coast of the island, it became a place of great commercial importance. The streets of the city are wide, and most of its houses are substantially built of stone. The surrounding country is very hilly, rolling away to where it rises into the mountains known as the Sierras. In its architecture the city has a strong religious tendency, which is not remarkable, since it is an archbishop's see. There is a hospital, a college, and any quantity of churches, convents and schools. Being the capital of the Eastern District of Cuba, Santiago is the residence of a Governor, who is not subject to the Captain-General of the Island in civil and political matters. The approaches to the town are commanded by several forts. By water there is a direct communication with the town of Batabono, south of Havana, and thence you can go to Havana by rail. The steamers make the trip to Batabono in five days.

From Galena Point, the nearest port of the Island of Jamaica, Santiago de Cuba is distant about 120 miles. The rule which decides the nationality of water prescribes a measurement of three miles



from the coast, which would leave, according to such calculation, 114 miles of high sea between the two islands. Kingston, from which the *Virginian* sailed, lies on the southern coast of Jamaica, near the eastern end. In her effort to make a Cuban landing she necessarily rounded the eastern point of Jamaica, and was probably in the strait between the two islands when she was sighted by the *Tornado*. It has not yet been decided where the capture took place.

### THE HEROES OF MEMPHIS.

THE fearful scourge from which Memphis and Shreveport are but just emerging developed during its pitiless reign a band of heroes as noble and self-sacrificing as any that have faced death on land or sea. The sad story of Miss Mattie Stephenson—leaving her home in haste to do all that one woman could in comforting the dying, nursing the sick, and cheering the desolate, and falling herself a victim to the scourge, among the bodies of those she had so tenderly watched in life—is fresh to all. In erecting a monument to her memory, the citizens of Memphis will do themselves much honor. When Mattie was stricken with the fever, another heroine rose up, in all the strength of womanly sympathy, to take her place—Louisa Wilkerson, a native of Memphis. She, too, after many days of most trying devotion, succumbed, and both girls received in the Walshall Infirmary all the attention that an appreciative city could command. Louisa recovered, and among the testimonials offered by leading citizens was a golden cross, suitably inscribed, from a gentleman who is conceded to be the hero of the epidemic.

Mr. A. E. Frankland is the most active of the Howards, and Secretary of the Citizen's Relief Association. He is a thirty-third degree Mason, President of the Hebrew Hospital, and Grand Nasi Ab of the J.O.B.B., a Jewish Order well-known throughout the United States.

During all the misery a wagon freighted with food, provisions and stimulants for the sick and needy was constantly seen in those localities where the dread monster seemed to stalk the fiercest. The presiding genius over that wagon was Frankland. His son Walter, aged eleven years, accompanied him on many of his errands of mercy, and was constantly in the most deadly districts. On the 27th of October Walter died with the fever, and the entire city mourned his loss. The memory of the service rendered by these noble people is held in grateful recollection by every man, woman and child throughout the State, and the sympathetic world at large cannot but believe with St. John, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

### FROTH.

JONES thinks the man who told him that butter-milk was the milk of the goat, was trying to fool him.

Cost of whipping one's wife in Mount Carmel, Ill., \$56; do. in Princeton, \$9.80; difference in cost of living in favor of Princeton, \$46.20.

AN Arkansas Obituary Notice—"J. P. — of Helena, on Monday, the 3d inst., aged fourteen years. His last words were, 'I didn't know it was loaded.'"

FATHER BOYLE, addressing a school on the subject of Easter celebration, a young miss asked him: "Father Boyle, what is the origin of Easter eggs?" "A hen, no doubt, miss," replied the father.

DULL times don't diminish the interest of New Orleans papers. Just now they are engaged in an angry controversy as to whether the euche of a lone-hand counts four points for the lone-hand's opponent.

DIGBY, the other day, found some money in the street. "Ah!" said he, with a knowing look, "papers have been saying that money is tight: but I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't found it in the gutter."

A WELL-KNOWN *littérateur*, very short-sighted, read recently for two hours one of his works to a tree on the Boulevards, mistaking it for one of his friends that he encountered in the fog, but who bolted after the opening chapter.

A MCKEESPORT man lost his coupon ticket for the Connellville Railway nearly a year ago. Last week he found it in his Holy Bible. He has thought it necessary to publish a card in the newspapers stating that "it wasn't his other Bible."

A NEVADA paper says: "The many friends of Bill Thompson will regret to hear that he was hatched up by a catamount the other day, on Nixon's hill, while lying in wait to shoot a Chinaman. This was always a word of disappointment."

THREE little boys—good little boys, of the Sunday-school biography sort—were comparing progress in the catechism. "I have got to original sin," said the first. "I am in total depravity," said the second. "But I am away beyond redemption," said the third.

THOUGH when in London a great deal at Lady Blessington's, it seems the late Napoleon III. never got on very well with the hostess. At the height of his power he met her in Paris and coolly said, "How long do you stay here, Lady Blessington?" "I don't know," she said. "How long do you?"

AN American resident in Paris is always boring his countrymen for the last news. The other day he was told that a terrible accident had happened to the Siamese twins, and on inquiry heard that they were wrecked among the cannibals, who immediately divided them as a philopona.

A NASHVILLE man was admiring a young lady's hair the other evening. "Miss D—, please give me one little curl—just one, won't you?" he pleaded. "Couldn't think of it, Mr. —; couldn't think of it for a moment," replied the young lady, briskly; "those curls cost me a dollar apiece."

SOME Western papers have a peculiar style of obituary notice, which must touch surviving friends deeply. Here is a sample: "A Kalamazooer named Godfrey poked himself into the knuckly joint of a shaft, which wound him up at the rate of two hundred revolutions per minute. Being a short man, the execution was rapid."

BOSWELL once asked Johnson if there was no possible circumstance under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," said Johnson. "Well," said Boswell, "suppose a man had been guilty of fraud, and that he was certain to be found out?" "Why, then," was the reply, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

APPROPRIATE provision is made for the entertainment of the following classes, by special arrangement: For the sporting men, steaks; for the wood-cutter, chops; for the tailor, goose; for the bill-collector, a cold shoulder; for the lawyer, snet; for the sailor, duck; for the carpenter, plane food; for the barber, hare; and the teamster—well, the teamster can take his choice of the *carte*.

### FASHION IN FURS.

As was the case last Winter, the most fashionable fur of the present season is that of the seal. A seal skin set complete consists of a sacque, muff, boa and cap. Sacques are either single or double-breasted, round and loose, or slightly fitted to the figure by a seam in the centre of the back. The more fanciful have a bordering of unplucked or plucked otter, Russian sable, black or silver fox, fisher-tail, beaver, or black marten—though this style is not in strictly good taste—the fur of the seal in itself being too handsome to need setting off by admixture with any other fur. When a sacque becomes worn at the edges by several seasons' use, then it may be made to appear fresh and new by applying a bordering; but at first a saving of the additional expense is advised in having the rich seal skin in its elegant simplicity. The round muff of the ordinary size is *de rigueur*, lined with brown satin *Grec*, and finished with tasteful bows of embroidered brown gros-grain ribbon. The seal skin boa is of the flat shape, from one and a half to two yards in length, and finished with brown twisted silk fringe; and for fastening, the simulated head of the weasel, with a loop of elastic cord. The most recent style of the seal cap is called "the Marchioness," with a crown slightly inclined to the conical shape, a rolling brim, and usually a trimming of a bird's wing, held in place by a weasel's head, "the Lorie," or Scotch rap, and the popular round "Hungarian" turban, are also worn, and by many preferred to "the Marchioness." Price of seal skin sets, from \$125 to \$500, according to quality and finish. Sacques sell at from \$35 to \$450; muffs, at from \$10 to \$20; boas, at from \$8 to \$20; and caps, at from \$10 to \$20.

Seal skin sets for children sell at from \$65 to \$100, according to quality and finish. Sets for gentlemen, consisting of a coat, collar, pair of gloves, and turban, sell at from \$270 to \$450, according to quality.

### STANDARD FURS.

Among the furs of standard position, the fashionable are the Russian, and the Hudson's Bay or American sable. Sets comprise a round muff and a round boa of Russian sable, costing from \$1,000 to \$1,600, according to quality, and Hudson's Bay sable from \$100 to \$300, of fine dark skin; but the supply diminishing every year, it is even now almost impossible to meet the demand for the finest grades of the Russian, called "the Crown Sable." Sets of the lighter shades of both the Russian and American fur sell at much lower prices—of the Russian, at from \$280 to \$400; and in proportionately inexpensive figures the American. Very elegant sets, made of the tails of the Russian sable, sell at from \$280 to \$400, according to color and quality. Tail sets of the American sable command prices almost equal to those of the skins of the body of the animal.

Mink fur is but little used, except by old ladies, who still insist upon the collar instead of the boa. Prices from \$16 to \$30.

### FANCY FURS.

The most fashionable of the fancy furs are from the black, the silver, and the white fox. Sets are comprised in the muff and boa. In costliness and elegance, the fur of the black fox ranks next that of the Russian sable, sets ranging in price from \$200 to \$500, according to quality. Trimming of this fur—peculiarly suitable for velvet—sells at from \$12 to \$15 per yard. The fur of the silver fox is delicately beautiful, resembling fine points of silver frost upon gray eider-down. Sets of muff and boa sell at from \$80 to \$200. For trimming—and now the most popular of all furs—it sells at from \$8 to \$12 per yard.

White fox fur is proper only for evening, opera wear, or a full carriage toilet; it should never be ventured in on the street. Sets of muff and boa sell at from \$20 to \$25. A very attractive novelty of this season is the

### FISHER FUR.

It is of a rich, very dark-brown color, and a fine lustre. The choicest sets are made from the tails of the animals, and the quantity of production in the best grades must always be limited. They range in price, according to quality, from \$80 to \$200.

Arctic chinchilla is again popular, and is always elegant. Sets of muff and boa sell at from \$50 to \$75, according to quality. Trimming of this fur, according to width, sells at from \$7 to \$15 per yard.

Alaska sable, or black marten, has attained a standard position, though it will be, in a measure, ruled out of favor this season by the fisher fur. A set of muff and boa sells at from \$18 to \$26; trimming fur of black marten at from \$2 to \$5 per yard; and nothing in fur is so suitable or handsome for heavy cloth. In the purchase of this fur, care should be taken that it is from a reliable house, as of itself, unless thoroughly deodorized, the pelt will breed worms for its own destruction, besides being peculiarly attractive to moths.

The sets of black furs, comprised in sacque, muff, and boa, of silken Persian, or Persian sheep, curled Astrakhan and Russian lamb, or caracul, are not considered strictly fashionable, but still in favor for mourning and elderly ladies. They command, according to kind and quality, from \$35 to \$150 per set.

Ermine will be worn for the evening in the Dolman or plain opera sacque and muff. Price of sets, from \$280 to \$300, according to quality.

Grebe or Swiss duck is but little worn, except in flat muffs, costing from \$10 to \$12, and boas about the same price. Muffs of the long-haired black monkey-skin are stylish, and in some localities very popular. Price, from \$12 to \$18.

### CHILDREN'S FURS.

Besides the seal skin, the gray krimmer, gray Persian, white money and imitation seal, of French-clipped cone colored brown, are fashionable for children. Sets consist of a sacque, muff, boa and cap, and sell according to kind and quality, at from \$16 to \$30.

In its place, we omitted to say, that lynx fur is not only more expensive this season than last, but is less popular. It is an exceedingly delicate fur, and the dye is liable to wear off and irretrievably injure a light-colored cloak or dress. Price of sets of muff and boa, from \$25 to \$30.

For information, thanks are due Messrs. C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS, 502 and 504 Broadway, ARNOLD & CONSTABLE, LORD & TAYLOR, JAMES MCCREERY & CO., WILSON & GREIG, and A. T. STEWART & CO.

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# "JESSIE TRIM,"

The initial chapters of which will appear in FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE for January, 1874, issued the 15th of December. Mr. B. L. Farjeon is well known as the author of some of the most popular novels of the day, among which we may mention "Joshua Marvel," "Blade o' Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Griff," etc. We append several notices, which show the high reputation in which as a writer of fiction Mr. Farjeon is held by the most esteemed English critics:

Very eloquent and touching.—*Echo*.

Exquisitely pretty and entertaining.—*Hull Packet*.

A singularly beautiful story.—*Silversburg Journal*.

Told with tenderness, pathos, and delicacy.—*Bristol Mercury*.

For pure pathos and human sympathy he has hardly a rival.—*Weekly Dispatch*.

Many young eyes will moisten as they follow the story.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph*.

A great national social lesson. \*\*\* Touching in the extreme.—*Weekly Times*.

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Impresses us with that sense of realism which is the triumph of art.—*Cork Examiner*.

Makes on a thoughtful reader a most profound impression.—*Birmingham Morning News*.

Full of pictures that fix themselves upon the mind and passages of moving intensity.—*Cardiff Times*.

Possesses a fascination that commences with the first page and ends with the last.—*Dover Telegraph*.

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The story he takes, as it were, from a dunghill, is worthy of being read in a palace.—*Limerick Chronicle*.

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Such a story as should ring through English ears from land's end to land's end. It is more human than "Ginx's Baby," because it is more tender; for as blades of grass spring up in the dreariest wastes, so God has willed that blades of love shall sprout in dreariest court or closest alley.—*Watchman*.

Mr. Farjeon writes with much of that kindly spirit, and that love of all that is good and pure and holy and true which were the characteristics of Dickens. \*\*\* The story abounds with true pathos, but its great attraction to most readers will probably be the natural style in which it is written.—*London Morning Post*.

One of the most nobly written stories we have ever read. It is a poem in prose. \*\*\* A wealth of vivid character-painting gives to it a vitality which renders it of absorbing interest. It is an idyl of town life that all should buy. It is impossible to read this tenderly told tale without rising with a healthier heart and mind; and for writing us so timely a narrative Mr. Farjeon merits and heartily has our best thanks.—*London Illustrated Paper*.

If among a drawerful of valueless stones, we were to discover unexpectedly one diamond, how eagerly we should separate it from the rest, and how gladly we should tell our friends of our discovery. \*\*\* The characters he has drawn stand before us as actual facts in real life. Each character is a study. \*\*\* There is not a single chapter which is not full of interest, and we strongly advise every reader of this notice to buy a copy and read it at once.—*Gloucester Mercury*.

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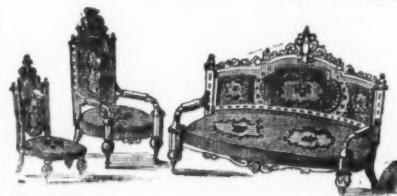
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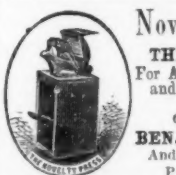
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